GENERAL LIBRARY,
UNIV. OF MICH.
MAY 22 1899

84450

# HARPER'S WEEKLY
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. VI.—No. 262.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Christmas Boxes in Camp—Christmas, 1861.

## OUR WAR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ON page 4 we illustrate SHIP ISLAND, lately occupied by our troops; on page 13 the vessels composing GENERAL BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION; on page 12 a view of GREEN RIVER BRIDGE, KENTUCKY; and on page 5 SAVANNAH AND ITS APPROACHES.

SHIP ISLAND was occupied by the advance-guard of General Butler's expedition on 3d December. The troops consisted of the 26th Massachusetts and 9th Connecticut Volunteers, under command of Brigadier-General Phelps. They left Massachusetts in the steamer *Constitution;* their embarkation was duly illustrated in *Harper's Weekly* at the time. On 3d inst., as we said, they arrived at their destination, landed, and occupied the island without molestation. It is understood that they are to be followed by other troops, on whose arrival operations will be commenced against Mobile or New Orleans, or both. The following account of Ship Island will, with our illustrations, enable our readers to understand the importance of the movement:

Ship Island is situated in longitude 89 and a little north of latitude 30, and is the property of the State of Mississippi. It is about sixty miles from New Orleans, nearly the same distance from the Northeast Pass, at the mouth of the Mississippi River, forty miles from Mobile, and ninety from Fort Pickens. It lies between Horn Island on the east and Cat Island on the west, and is distant about five miles from each. Some ten or twelve miles to the north, on the main land of Mississippi, are the towns of Balexi, Pascagoula, and Mississippi City. These towns are favorite summer resorts for the wealthy planters and merchants of the Gulf States, and, in consequence of a bar off their shore, are now the places of refuge for rebel gun-boats.

Ship Island is somewhat undulating, and extends in a slight curve about seven miles east-northeast and west-southwest. At West Point (the western end), where the fort is located, the island is little more than an eighth of a mile wide, and is a mere sand spit, utterly barren of grass or foliage of any kind. This eastern end, or East Point, is about three-quarters of a mile in width, and is well wooded with pine, cedar, and live-oak.

The whole island contains a fraction less than two square miles of territory. Excellent water can be obtained in unlimited supply by sinking a barrel any where on the place. The great advantage of this is too palpable to require comment.

The island possesses a very superior harbor, into which nineteen feet can be carried at ordinarily low water. It is situated north of the west end of the island. The anchorage, with water equal to the depth on the bar, is five miles long, and averages three and a quarter miles in width. The harbor is safe for the most dangerous storms in the Gulf—those from the eastward, southward and eastward, and southward—and might be easily entered during these storms without a pilot, if good light-houses were placed in proper positions. The rise and fall of the tide is only from twelve to fourteen inches.

FORT MASSACHUSETTS, of which we give an illustration, is thus described in the *Herald* letter:

This fort, which is situated on the sand spit at the extreme western end of the island, is nearly circular in shape, somewhat resembling a pear in form. As I have stated elsewhere, its construction was commenced by the Federal Government, and when in a state of considerable progress was burned by the rebels, who afterward rebuilt and then abandoned it. It is of brick, and rendered bomb-proof by sand-bags placed five or six feet deep in front of the walls.

The rebels built eleven casemates, and our forces have built two more since they have occupied the fort. The casemates are bomb-proof. The fort is at present but one tier high. It is provided with Dahlgren's 9-inch shell guns of very heavy calibre and in perfect order, and they are hourly expecting sixteen more very heavy guns from Pensacola. Besides this, Captain Manning's battery have landed five of their steel rifled cannon, with the Sawyer projectile. There were six of these guns on board the *Constitution*, but unfortunately one of them was lost overboard in removing them from the transport. It is hoped that they will be able to recover it, as a buoy floats right over the spot where it fell.

The vessels composing GENERAL BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION will be found portrayed on page 13. They comprise vessels of all kinds, from steam-sloops to schooners. The principal craft, composing the expedition proper, are North River propellers altered into gun-boats. These vessels, it is believed, will prove very useful, as they can carry a large number of men, besides acting as gun-boats. They have been strengthened throughout, and carry from two to four guns each. The destination of General Burnside's expedition is, of course, a secret. It is surmised, however, that it will operate in conjunction with General M'Clellan, and form a base not very far from Fortress Monroe.

GREEN RIVER BRIDGE, KENTUCKY, near which the contending armies under Schoepf and Zollicoffer have been encamped, is 73 miles from Louisville, Kentucky, on the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. This most elegant structure was built in the fall of 1857. It is nearly 1000 feet in length; the centre pier is 115 feet high. The first, or south pier, was blown up by the rebels and entirely destroyed.

Our birds-eye view of SAVANNAH AND ITS APPROACHES will convey a clear idea of the theatre of Commodore Dupont's operations.



## OUR WAR MAP.

☞ WE have republished the admirable

**War Map of the Southern States,**

which appeared in a late Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and are prepared to furnish it,

**BEAUTIFULLY COLORED,**

at SIX CENTS per copy, with the usual discount to Agents. This Map is generally admitted to be the MOST COMPLETE WAR MAP IN EXISTENCE.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

☞ THE great exertions made by the proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY to illustrate the WAR have been rewarded by a large increase of circulation. During last year over FIVE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WAR have been published in HARPER'S WEEKLY. It now circulates ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND COPIES WEEKLY; which is, we believe, the *largest* circulation of any Journal in this country in which Advertisements are published. Price 50 and 75 cents per line.

☞ EUROPEAN Dealers will be supplied with HARPER'S WEEKLY by *John Adams Knight*, Publisher of the *London American*, 100 Fleet Street, London, England, where Subscriptions and Advertisements will be received, and single copies of HARPER'S MONTHLY and WEEKLY furnished.




# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1862.


## THE "TRENT" QUESTION.

IT is well understood that Great Britain has demanded satisfaction for the *Trent* affair, in what terms and to what extent is not known at the time we write. It is inferred from the tone of the British press that the degree of satisfaction required is such as can not be granted without subjecting the United States to decided humiliation. And the question which has engrossed the minds of all loyal Americans during the past week has been whether we should submit to humiliation, or go to war again with England.

The answer to that question has not been unanimous. Some of our leading men and some journals are for war with England if the British demands growing out of the *Trent* affair are such as can not be honorably complied with. Others again hold that in our present straits we can not afford to embark in a foreign war, and that it is better for us now to submit to the demands of England, whatever they may be, and to trust to the future for opportunities of redress and vengeance. The latter view appears to be entertained by those whose opinion is entitled to the greatest weight.

They argue that if the British navy and British credit were placed at the service of the rebels, it would be a work of superhuman difficulty to conquer them. We might, and we probably would, do infinite injury to British commerce. We might, if it were deemed worth while, overrun Canada, and add that wild and worthless region to our dominion. We might even stir up serious disturbances in Ireland. But all this would not compensate us for the permanent division of the Union and the erection of a hostile power on our own soil. There is no question but the navy of Great Britain is at present so superior to ours that our blockade would be speedily broken, and thus the great object for whose accomplishment we have taken up arms would be placed beyond our reach. The war between the insurrectionary and the loyal States would be prolonged indefinitely, and our ultimate success would be rendered extremely doubtful.

In view of these considerations, and of the paramount importance of preserving the Union at all costs, a majority of our leading men are understood to be of the opinion that the wisest course now is to comply with the demands of Great Britain whatever they may be, and to reserve to ourselves the right of reopening the controversy hereafter. That this is the view of the Administration we do not know. But there is reason to believe that Mr. Lincoln is as keenly alive as any one to the vital importance of maintaining our nationality at any sacrifice, and that he will not risk the main point for the sake of incidental controversies and side issues.

Of the conduct of Great Britain in this affair it requires unusual self-control to speak in measured language. It is as well known in England as here that the United States are engaged in a life struggle; that every man and every dollar are enlisted in a contest for the maintenance of our nationality; that there never has been a time since the conquest of our independence when this country was less fitted to embark in a foreign war. It requires some self-command to remark upon the conduct of a nation which chooses this moment to offer us the option of war or humiliation. History, we think, may vainly be searched for a parallel. Half a dozen times since 1814 occasions of war have arisen between this country and England, and have always been adjusted by diplomacy. It is only now, when our whole energies are engrossed in a domestic struggle, that England ventures to threaten us with war.

But a just Providence rules, and to Him the issue may safely be intrusted. No wrong, in national affairs, ever goes unpunished. No such baseness as England has evinced in the course of the past nine months can escape retribution. A time will come—and in our day, too—when we shall call England to account for the unnatural enmity she has displayed toward the United States; for her base sympathy with traitors and pirates; and for the unspeakable cowardice she now evinces in trying to drive us to the wall in the hour of our most trying extremity. She should be the last Power in the world to make us her foe, for she has not a friend in the world. There is not a nation in Europe that would not exult over the ruin of England, for there is not one she has not insulted, outraged, or injured at some moment when they could not strike back. France, Russia, Spain, Germany, Italy—all will sympathize heart and soul with us when the time comes for our retribution, our vengeance. Millions of poor creatures in India, and millions in China, will bless the day when we strike to the heart of the brutal oppressor, who, for a century, has trampled them, and robbed them, and cheated them, and tried to convert them into mere instruments for the consumption of Manchester and Birmingham goods. Twice in our history we have fought with England, each time for causes which even Englishmen now admit to have been just. We have one more fight in prospect: but it will be the last.

## THE LOUNGER.

### 1862.

HARPER'S WEEKLY wishes its friends a Happy New Year! It has every reason to do so, for it believes firmly in the prospects and promises of the coming time. Nor can it be unmindful of the prosperity which has followed it during the eventful year that now closes—a prosperity which it may fairly say is not altogether undeserved. With a weekly issue of 120,000 copies, an illustrated journal like this is necessarily a power in the land. To-day, at least, while it compliments all others, it may be forgiven for not forgetting itself; especially if it means, in good faith, not to forget itself in the coming year, but to serve its friends as faithfully as in the past.

A Happy New Year! It can hardly fail to be that. The tempest upon our Southern horizon is already wasting itself away, and it will leave the land fatter and fairer in all good purposes and principles. The cloud that rolls up for the moment from the East, beyond the sea, is a cloud that is transparent, and a peaceful sky shines through it. We have come in the last year to our national consciousness. We have proved to ourselves that the sons are worthy of the sires. The proof has cost money and blood, and will yet cost more. But that retrospect makes even the dark year of war welcome, and the consequences will make each future year of our lives a Happy New Year.

### A CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

WHATEVER be the result of the difficulty between this country and England, history will record but a few simple facts:

That this was a great friendly power at peace with Great Britain;

That under different political systems each country was working out the problem of constitutional liberty;

That our commercial relations were most essential and intimate;

That the traditional mutual jealousy and dislike springing naturally from the circumstances of our earlier history were fast disappearing;

That while England was distinctively an Anti-Slavery nation, and the system of Slavery still lingered among us, yet that public sentiment here was rapidly ripening and preparing the peaceful and lawful solution of the question, of which the proof was the election of Mr. Lincoln;

That that result being clearly foreseen by a faction in the country, they raised the standard of revolt professedly to destroy this Government and to establish another upon the corner-stone of Slavery;

That no other reason for the revolt was seriously presented or accepted;

That immediately upon the declaration of this rebellion, before it had struck any significant blow, or achieved any result whatsoever, the British Government, without waiting for a word from this Government, at once recognized the rebels as a belligerent power, thereby treating a faction aiming to subvert a friendly government for the purpose already indicated as the warlike equal of that government;

That in reply to the natural incredulity, surprise, and indignation of loyal American citizens, the chief organs of British opinion, leading statesmen, and public men, assumed the destruction of this Government as a fact already accomplished, and accused the citizens who were maintaining the integrity of the nation of waging a wicked and fratricidal war;

That the thinly-veiled sympathy with the rebellion, and selfish delight in the difficulties of this nation, which, with few exceptions, have been manifested by Great Britain from the beginning, at length induced the captain of an English passenger steamer, in open and deliberate violation of the Queen's proclamation—which was intended to embarrass this Government by granting belligerent rights to rebels, but which expressly forbade all English subjects to carry "officers, soldiers, dispatches, arms," etc.—to receive as passengers two men personally known to him as emissaries of the rebels to foreign courts, and so publicly declared to be by the ringleader of the rebellion;

That in pursuance of the unquestionable rights of a belligerent power, a naval officer of the United States stopped the offending steamer, and, after seizing the traitors, kindly permitted the offending ship to proceed;

That Great Britain had always exercised, and still asserted, the right of stopping any American vessel upon the high seas, and removing any British seaman found on board;

That she had thus stopped hundreds of American vessels, and removed thousands of sailors;

That upon hearing what this nation had done, the English were as furious as if they had the prescriptive right to do precisely as they chose, and other nations only what Great Britain might permit;—

At this point the record, for the moment, closes. If it shall be completed by the further fact that thereupon England declared war against us, recognized the rebellion as a successful revolution, and, in concert with the slaveholders, sought to overthrow this Government and consummate the ruin of the country, no student of history will be surprised. No nation is disinterested. None is so little so as England. Only the greatest firmness and care upon the part of this Government can prevent her hastening, in the hour of our peril, from dealing a blow which she will hope may remove her most formidable rival forever.

### WHAT WILL BE DONE?

THE attitude of the country and the tone of the newspapers since the news of the English excitement are most admirable. Perfectly calm and perfectly firm, neither inviting nor evading a war, which could not fail to fall most heavily upon all sides, the feeling of the nation undoubtedly is to acknowledge frankly any wrong that may have been committed, and to submit to no dishonor.

Unquestionably the Government will insist that, by all international law and usage, and especially by the uniform conduct of England upon the ocean, nothing can be clearer than the right of a national ship to stop a neutral vessel and remove contraband of war, dispatches, and agents.

If the British Government should claim that, as we do not recognize the rebels as belligerents, they must be considered political refugees invoking the protection of the English flag; and that therefore England can no more allow them to be taken by force from an English ship than she could allow Mann and Yancey to be taken by force from English soil—the reply is final, that, without going further, it is quite enough that Great Britain *has* recognized them as belligerents, and has formally warned all English ships that they carry officers, dispatches, and contraband goods at their peril.

If England shall ask an explanation, there will be an explanation and correspondence. If it fails to satisfy, the matter can and should be left to arbitrament. This nation wishes to do nothing wrong. But, of course, it does not accept England as the expounder of what is right. That must be determined by a congress of nations, or by an arbiter mutually selected.

If England sends an *ultimatum*, Lord Lyons will have received his passports before this paper is printed.

Should that be the course, it will be evident that she wished only war, and necessarily the responsibility will be hers. The chances for war are—the English hatred of America; the want of cotton; the danger of loss of office by the present Ministry if they do not raise the war-cry; and the opportunity of striking us and finishing us when we may be hit at a disadvantage. The chances for peace are—in the unquestionable justice of our position; in the wisdom and coolness of our Government; in the traditional jealousy of France toward England, which would not fail to strike when England was most exposed; and the universal tumult in the world which such a war would occasion.

The probability is, that the black cloud will mutter hoarsely and roll away. The possibility is, that the whole vexed question of belligerent rights may be settled by an international congress.

### WHY IS ENGLAND OUR ENEMY?

WHY should England wish a war with us? Is she not our natural friend? are questions that are instinctively asked by many who have fondly cherished the tradition that England was a peculiarly magnanimous power, and that community of language and race is sufficient to secure permanent friendship between us.

But the case is very clear to a moment's calm consideration.

If we emerge victorious from the suppression of the rebellion, as no sane man doubts, we shall have demonstrated the superiority of our system to every other in the world; for no other government could hope to subdue a conspiracy so vast and vigorous as this has proved to be. Our success will be the most fatal argument against an aristocratic system. Every English coronet, from the crown down, will feel itself cracked. Bright will be the Englishman of proved deepest insight; and what would not English toryism and the testy prejudice of John Bull do to avoid seeing John Bright justified? Our success will be a tremendous political argument against England.

But again, if we are victorious, we come out with an army and a navy which make us absolute masters of this Continent, and America master of the seas. What, then, becomes of the mistress? If John Bull bears, like the Turk, no rival near the throne, what is he likely to do with a superior?

Our domestic struggle is thus really the crisis of England. She has seen it from the beginning, and hence all her conduct during the contest. Doubtless she will strain every point now to precipitate war. But if she does not at once insist upon an ultimatum, this effort will be defeated.

The cue of England at this moment is to insist upon the right of secession, in order to pave the way to a recognition of the Confederate traitors. This spirit appears in all quarters. "Senator So-and-so has the temerity to deny the right of secession!" exclaimed an Englishman the other day, who had been in the country four months; and the *Athenæum*, a purely literary and scientific London paper, begins a review of a work upon the American Union by a Mr. James Spence, with these words: "Although Mr. James Spence takes the right side on the main question raised in his book, and arranges with lucidity and force *the arguments which establish the existence of a constitutional right to secede in the States of the American Union*," etc., etc.

This is amusing, because nothing is more profound than the ignorance of every Englishman in the matter of our political system. That they should be ignorant is not surprising. But that they should now, whether in the person of Mr. James Spence, or those mysterious and final gentlemen "the Law Officers of the Crown," undertake to enlighten the world at large, and especially the President and his Cabinet, as to the proper interpretation of our Constitution, is so ludicrously preposterous that it must be turned off with a loud laugh.

And yet, notwithstanding this practical absurdity, and the unquestionable alienation of English

feeling from this country, and the imminent danger of a collision, there is no good reason for supposing that the collision may not be avoided. A century, however, will not repair the mischief worked by the jealousy of England at this time. We may be ceremonious acquaintances, punctiliously careful upon every point of etiquette, but we shall not for many a generation be the friends that we ought to be now, and that so many believed we already were. Nor can any just judge declare that the reason is to be found in any tariff system that we may have adopted. No such purely superficial question explains so deep a difference. It is to be found in the eagerness and evident joy with which England hailed the prospect of our national ruin.

### AN ARMORY IN THE NORTHWEST.

The letter of the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, of Chicago, representative from Illinois, to the President—the appointment of Mr. Kellogg, of the same State, upon the Committee for the establishment of a Western Armory, and the memorial of the citizens of Chicago to the Government setting forth the claims of that city as the proper site, all show that the Northwest is thoroughly alive to the importance of securing that armory for the great capital of that region.

The case of Chicago is a very strong one, and its chief points are the following:

That the arsenal should be somewhere in the Northwest is generally admitted. There are three on the eastern side of the Alleghany—namely, Watervliet, West Point, and Springfield; but the Northwest, whose population exceeds that of all the loyal Eastern States, has none. The western and northwestern frontiers are the points where arms will be required for the next century; and at the beginning of the present war there were no arms of any importance in the whole region. In Illinois there was the greatest difficulty in getting even a few thousand, and the troops when posted as sentries were for a long time compelled to do duty with clubs instead of muskets.

The great security of the works at Chicago is another consideration strongly urged. From the seat of domestic rebellion Chicago is separated by hundreds of miles of territory filled with a brave and loyal people. From foreign attack she is vulnerable only through the Straits of Mackinaw. The small expense of a fortification there, as Mr. Arnold shows, would make the lake inaccessible. The immense commerce of the lakes, exceeding in the whole the entire foreign commerce of the country, could, in case of need, be sheltered in Lake Michigan, and by means of an arsenal the merchant marine be rapidly converted into a navy.

The economical view is not less strongly presented. The iron, copper, lead, and lumber could be furnished, according to estimates, more cheaply in Chicago than elsewhere. Provisions are cheap. Mechanical labor abundant. Thirteen trunk lines of railway, counting, with their connections, more than five thousand miles, centre in Chicago. The futility of reliance upon *one* line of road has been shown painfully enough in the Baltimore and Ohio and Baltimore and Washington roads. But besides the railroads, the water communication by the great lakes and the Illinois canal and rivers, all improvable at an expense entirely disproportioned to the value of the results, is unsurpassed in the West.

Pittsburg is the rival claimant with Chicago. But in regard of building material, lumber, iron, copper, lead, coal for smelting, provisions, transportation, and security, the advantages seem to lean to Chicago. In skilled labor the two places are fully equal. The advantage of Pittsburg appears to be in motive power, in the cost of bituminous coal. But Chicago pluckily claims that this difference in the cost of coal for one purpose is more than counterbalanced by the other important considerations suggested. And as the Government owns ground at Pittsburg on which the armory might be built, Chicago will willingly furnish ground free of cost.

Mr. Arnold's letter contains some very curious and interesting statements. "Millions," he says, "are very properly expended annually in protecting and fostering the foreign commerce of the nation. The expense to the national treasury of the enormous trade on the great lakes is merely nominal; *a few light-houses and a single revenue-cutter armed with a single gun.*" Again he says: "A line drawn north and south through Pittsburg will show a majority of the loyal people of the Union west of that line. Yet this vast country, furnishing fully one-half of the soldiers now in the field, is entirely dependent upon eastern armories for the manufacture of arms. A national armory at Chicago during the last year would have saved the Government millions of money, the lives of many gallant men, and would have materially shortened the war."

Every year of our history will confirm one striking remark of Mr. Arnold's: "The provincial history of the Northwest terminated with the census of 1860."

### A WORD TO "BOSTONIAN."

A friend, who says that *Harper's Weekly* circulates twenty thousand or more copies in Boston and its neighborhood, suggests that the paper might wisely give a few more illustrations from that region. The suggestion is good; and we do not need Boston authority for believing that city to be a metropolis. But our friend should remember that a paper which circulates a hundred and twenty thousand copies has a very various and extended diocese. In Maryland and the District of Columbia twenty thousand are also taken; and as that region is the seat of present public interest, we naturally find the most attractive subjects there. If our friend has any suggestions of particular subjects to make, *Harper's Weekly* will be always very glad to receive them. Meanwhile we may observe that since the war broke out *Harper's Weekly* has illustrated Faneuil Hall, Fort Warren, and other Boston "lions."

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Framley Parsonage.—A critic says: "There is a certain manner and style about it that pleases all." That certain manor is doubtless the parsonage itself, and the stile is the stile that leads to it.

A wounded Irishman wrote home from the hospital, and finished up by saying, "I've fought for this country, I've bled for it, and I shall soon be able to say I've died for it."

### BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!

Break, break, break,
Let the world thy rottenness see;
And I would that my hand could grasp again
The money I lent to thee.

Oh! weep for the orphan boy,
That his little is lost to-day;
Oh! weep for the holder of stock,
That his savings are swept away.

And the city banks go on,
And pay their depositors still;
But oh! for a touch of my vanished gold,
That has gone from the Pall Mall till.

Break, break, break,
Let the world thy rottenness see;
But the hard-earned gold that has fled
Will never come back to me.

A century ago, the lady of one of the "City" knights wrote a note once to an old acquaintance, *verbatim*, as follows: "Lady —— precents compeiments to Mrs. ——, and beggs she'll abstane from calling on her, as she sees now nobody *but* folks of fashion since her Ladyship and Sir —— has been nighted by his Majesty."

In a discussion with a temperance lecturer, a toper asked, "If water rots your boots, what effect must it have on the coats of your stomach?"

At an election dinner a voter said he had never received a bribe to the extent of a farthing. "Oh, Mr. Smith, how can you say so," observed another voter, "when I know Mr. Wilks sent you a hare?" "Ay, that's true enough; but it was full of maggots." "Well, then," was the rejoinder, "if it were not bribery, it was corruption."

"Now, children, who loves all men?" asked a school-inspector. The question was hardly put before a little girl, not four years old, answered quickly, "All women!"

An old man, when dangerously sick, was urged to take advice of a doctor, but objected, saying, "I wish to die a natural death."

Can a man with wooden legs be considered a *foot* passenger?

An old maid, speaking of marriage, says it is like any other disease—while there's life there's hope.

"So you are going to keep a school!" said a young lady to her aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that, I would marry a widower with nine children." "I should prefer that myself," was the quiet reply; "but where is the widower?"

An eminent and witty prelate was once asked if he did not think such a one followed his conscience. "Yes," said his grace, "I think he follows it as a man does a horse in a gig—he drives it first."

A Difference of Opinion.—A short man became attached to a tall woman, and somebody said that he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call it falling in love?" said the suitor. "It's more like climbing up to it."

A Qualification.—A merchant, lately advertising for a clerk "who could bear *confinement*," received an answer from one who had been *seven years in jail!*"

Can a man be said to be in a stew when you make his blood boil?

A late lecturer remarked that it wouldn't be a very violent stretch of the imagination to believe "that a thoughtful Massachusetts baby, six months old, sits in his mother's lap eying his own cradle, to see if he could not invent a better; or at least suggest some improvement."

A learned young lady defines a thimble as a diminutive, argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations.

A milkman was awoke by a wag in the night with the announcement that his best cow was choking. He forthwith jumped up to save the life of his animal, when, lo! he found a turnip stuck in the mouth of the pump.

A truly rural young lady is about to publish a work on "The Rise, Growth, Culture, and Progress of the Hen, as an Element of Civilization."

Test of Christian Character.—"Well, doctor," said a barrister to a witness, "what is the character of this defendant?" "He is a Christian, Sir." "A Christian?" "Yes, Sir; a good Christian; a most exemplary Christian." "Well, how do you know this?" "I know it, Sir, because I attended him through a fit of the gout, and never once heard him swear." The testimony was considered satisfactory.

Lady Yarmouth asked Garrick one day why Love was always represented as a child? He replied, "Because Love never reaches the age of wisdom and experience."

"Don't touch me, or I'll scream!" as the engine-whistle said to the stoker.

"Did you ever go to a military ball?" asked a lisping maid of an old veteran. "No, my dear," growled the old soldier; "in those days I once had a military ball come to me, and what do you think?—it took my leg off!"

People who cross the ocean for mere pleasure generally conclude, before finishing the voyage, that they were *retched* fools.

The story is told of a certain New Zealand chief, that a young missionary landed at his island, to succeed a sacred teacher deceased some time before. At an interview with the chief, the young minister asked: "Did you know my departed brother?" "Oh yes! Me deacon in his church." "Ah, then, you knew him well; and was he not a good and tender-hearted man?" "Yes," replied the pious deacon with much gusto, "he very good and very tender. Me eat a piece of him!"

A gentleman traveling across Salisbury Plain saw an old man sitting at the door of a cabin, weeping bitterly. "My friend," inquired the gentleman, "what is the matter with you?" "Why," replied the man, "daddy jist gave me an awful licking 'cause I wouldn't rock granddaddy to sleep!" The gentleman rode off, fully satisfied with the salubrity and healthiness of the Plain to produce such unparalleled instances of longevity.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, December 17, in the Senate, several petitions were presented for emancipating the slaves of rebels. A bill was reported to increase the number of cadets at West Point. Senator Lane in a speech criticised the action of the Government in the conduct of the war, and was replied to by Senator Carlile. The Chair appointed Senators Wade of Ohio, Chandler of Michigan, and Johnson of Tennessee, as the committee to investigate the general conduct of the war. The House resolution for an adjournment until January 6 was laid on the table. An executive session was held, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Bingham, from the Judiciary Committee, reported back the joint resolutions requiring the Provost Court at Alexandria, Virginia, to hold the property of rebels until Congress take further action on the subject. The resolution then passed. The resolutions of Mr. Eliot, for the emancipation of slaves, being the special order, were then resumed. On motion of Mr. Kellogg, the resolutions, and all others relating to the subject in the same special order, were referred to the Judiciary Committee by a vote of 77 against 57. A bill was reported from the Foreign Affairs Committee appropriating one thousand dollars to pay the owners of the British ship *Perthshire* for losses incurred in consequence of detention by our blockading fleet off Mobile, in June last, our naval officers at the time acting on a misunderstanding of the circumstances. The bill was finally passed, but not until after it had given rise to a somewhat lengthy and discursive debate. A bill was reported from the Naval Committee to authorize the Secretary of the Navy to construct twenty iron-clad steam gun-boats, at a cost of from five hundred thousand to six hundred thousand dollars each, which, after a brief debate, was laid over for further consideration, and the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, December 18, in the Senate, petitions for the emancipation of slaves, and for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, were presented by Senators Doolittle and Sumner, respectively. Senator Sumner offered a resolution that Trusten Polk, now a traitor to the United States, be expelled from the Senate. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee. Senator Sumner's resolution that the army shall not be used to surrender fugitive slaves was taken up and adopted. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Committee on Elections reported adversely to the claim of Charles Henry Foster to represent either the First or Second Congressional District of North Carolina, and the report was adopted. A bill appropriating one million dollars for gun-boats on the Western waters was passed. The Pension Appropriation Bill was taken up, amended so that no pension shall be paid to rebels, and then passed. The bill authorizing the payment of troops mustered into service in Missouri was passed. This provides for the pay of the forces under General Frémont, as well as those under other generals. The Contract Investigating Committee was requested to inquire into the policy of abolishing sutlerships, or regulating them so as to prevent impositions upon soldiers.

On Thursday, December 19, in the Senate, Senator Sumner presented a number of numerously signed petitions in favor of the emancipation of slaves, with compensation to loyal masters. Senator Willey, of Virginia, offered a resolution to the effect that the existing war was forced upon the country by the rebellious States without provocation, and with the design to destroy the Union and the Constitution, and repudiate the fundamental principles of republican government. The Senate discussed the resolution of the House to adjourn till the 6th of January, in order to participate in the Christmas holidays, but adjourned without arriving at a determination on the subject.——In the House, the bill providing for the construction of twenty iron-clad steam gun-boats, to be built by contract or otherwise, as the Secretary of the Navy may deem best for the public interest, was debated and passed. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was passed. A bill abolishing the franking privilege was introduced by Mr. Colfax, and the second Tuesday of January assigned for its consideration.

On Friday, December 20, in the Senate, petitions for the emancipation of the slaves of rebels, for an armory at Rock Island, for the establishment of a system to exchange prisoners of war, and for the expulsion of Senator Bright, of Indiana, were presented and appropriately referred. A bill appropriating one thousand dollars to the owners of the British ship *Perthshire*, as indemnity for damages by reason of illegal detention by the blockading squadron, was reported by the Committee on Foreign Affairs and laid on the table. The Judiciary Committee were discharged from further consideration of the subject of the abolition and reconstruction of the Supreme Court. Senator Saulsbury's resolution, calling for a copy of General Phelps's proclamation to the loyal citizens of the Southwest, and by what authority it was made, was taken up, briefly discussed, and laid on the table. Senator Willey, of Virginia, then resumed and concluded his speech on national affairs.——In the House, a bill appropriating $150,000 to complete the defenses of Washington was passed. Resolutions of the Kentucky Legislature in favor of relief to Ireland, in view of a probable famine there, were referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. A resolution that the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to report a bill so amending the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 as to forbid the recapture or return of any fugitive from labor without satisfactory proof first being made that the claimant of such fugitive was loyal to the Government was adopted by a vote of 78 to 39. Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, offered a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to report a bill providing for the confiscation of all the property of all rebels, and their aiders and abettors, and the unconditional liberation of their slaves, and protection of said slaves from recapture by their masters. The proposition was laid on the table by two majority. Mr. Wilson, of Indiana, offered a resolution directing the Military Committee to report an additional article of war, prohibiting officers of the army from employing the force under their command to return fugitive slaves to their owners, and providing for the punishment of such officers by dismissal from service. No action was taken on the subject.

Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, December 23, in the Senate, Senator Davis, the new Senator from Kentucky, appeared and took his seat. A memorial was presented from citizens of Boston, representing that the freedom of the press had been abridged, and asking relief. The bill making an appropriation of $1,500,000 for the construction of gun-boats for operations on the Western rivers was reported from the Committee on Finance, and passed. Senator King, of New York, offered a resolution, which was laid over, requesting the President to institute law proceedings against persons held in custody by Executive authority. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill providing against the return of fugitive slaves by the army, and for the punishment of any officer ordering it. The bill to increase the number of cadets at West Point from 170 to 350 was taken up and debated at considerable length, but was not definitely acted upon.——In the House, Mr. Vallandigham introduced a bill to enforce the writ of *habeas corpus*. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee. A resolution introduced by Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, on Friday, requesting the Military Committee to prepare a new article of war for the punishment of all officers using any forces under their command for the return of fugitive slaves was considered, and finally adopted. The bill to increase the duties on tea, coffee, and sugar was reported from the Committee on Ways and Means, and passed after some debate, 77 to 29. It was immediately sent to the Senate, and passed that body also. The resolution introduced by Mr. Morehead, of Pennsylvania, requesting the Judiciary Committee to report a bill debarring forever any rebel from holding office under the Constitution and laws of the United States, was passed.

### ESCAPE OF COLONEL CORCORAN.

The papers publish an interesting statement made by Lieutenant Hurd, of the Second Maine Regiment, who was wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run, and has recently been released. He, together with Colonel Corcoran and some three hundred others were confined in the Charleston Jail at the time of the great conflagration there, and they only escaped from the jail, which was burned, by leaping from a window, no effort being made to save them by the Charlestonians. Colonel Corcoran, Lieutenant Hurd believes, escaped during the confusion, as he expressed his determination to try to reach Beaufort or the North, and has not since been heard of. According to Lieutenant Hurd's representations, the National prisoners now in the South are treated in the most brutal and unjustifiable manner.

### SKIRMISH NEAR WASHINGTON.

A brisk and successful conflict took place last week on the lines in front of Washington. General M'Call's brigade went out one morning on a foraging expedition toward Dranesville. His advance force, commanded by General Ord, consisted of four regiments of infantry, a regiment of Pennsylvania rifles, and Easton's battery. Near Dranesville a fire was opened on them by the rebels, under Colone Forney, numbering four regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, who were concealed in the bushes. The fire was returned from our rifles and the battery, and after an hour's fighting the rebels fled toward Fairfax Court House, leaving 150 killed and wounded behind them, together with two caissons of ammunition and a quantity of clothing and stores. General M'Call had ordered up General Reynolds to a point on the Leesburg turnpike to support General Ord, in anticipation of an attack; but before Generals Reynolds and M'Call reached the field of action the rebels had been defeated by Easton's battery and the rifles of Colonel Kane's Pennsylvania regiment. Our loss was about six killed and twenty-seven wounded.

### GENERAL POPE'S OPERATIONS IN MISSOURI.

Dispatches received from General Pope state that on Wednesday he got between the enemy encamped in two bodies, one at a point near Chilhowee and another in Clinton and Henry counties; that they retreated upon his arrival toward Rose Hill, leaving all their baggage and valuables in his possession. General Pope followed them up, but at Johnson, Bates County, they scattered in all directions. With a strong cavalry reconnoissance General Pope captured 150 rebels near Osceola, and at different other points about as many more. The whole country between Rose Hill and Grand River is now clear of rebels. Meanwhile another portion of his force, under Colonel Davis, surprised a second rebel camp, on the evening of the 18th, near Milford. The rebels, who were thirteen hundred strong, surrendered upon finding themselves surrounded. Among the prisoners were three colonels, seventeen captains, 1000 stand of arms, 1000 horses, sixty-five wagons, and a large quantity of supplies, tents, and baggage. The loss of the enemy is not known, but the Union loss was but two killed and eight wounded.

### MORE BRIDGE-BURNING IN MISSOURI.

The rebels of General Price's army, in Missouri, made another raid upon the railroads on Friday night, destroying the track, water-tanks, wood-piles, and bridges on the North Missouri railroad for a distance of a hundred miles, commencing at a point eight miles south of Hudson, and continuing to destroy the rails and telegraph lines as far as Warrentown. It appears to have been a preconcerted movement, in which the inhabitants of that district participated, as no single party could have accomplished so disastrous a work in the short space of time which it took to complete the extensive damage.

### OUR NATIONAL DEFENSES.

The report of General Barnard, Chief Engineer of the Army, which has just been submitted to Congress by Secretary Cameron, shows that the defenses around Washington consist of forty-eight works, mounting three hundred guns; that the whole defensive perimeter occupied is about thirty-five miles—exceeding by several miles the famous field-works of Torres Vedras, the most extensive fortification of this kind known in modern times. General Barnard asks the appropriation of $150,000 from Congress for the completion of these works, as many of them were thrown up in the face of the enemy, and therefore require considerable labor to make them perfect. Secretary Cameron has also submitted to Congress a report in favor of the appropriation of $4,710,000 for putting our coast defenses in order, from the lakes round to San Francisco, a large portion of which is to be devoted to defenses of New York harbor.

### EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

The exchange of rebel prisoners has commenced. The bark *Island City* left Boston last week for Fortress Monroe with two hundred and fifty of the rebels captured at Hatteras, who have been released from captivity at Fort Warren by the Government.

### THE FIRE AT CHARLESTON.

Somewhat fuller particulars of the great fire in Charleston have reached us by way of Fortress Monroe. The *Courier*, published on the 14th, gives a list of between two and three hundred sufferers (property owners) by the fire, and estimates the loss at seven millions of dollars; and the *Mercury* of the same date gives a list of five hundred and seventy-six buildings, which were totally destroyed on Wednesday alone. Five churches were burned, and various prominent public buildings used for secular purposes. The Richmond papers state that a Message was sent to the Confederate Congress, on Friday, by Jeff Davis, in which he recommended relief for the sufferers, and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were accordingly voted the next day—an advance upon the claims of South Carolina upon the rebel Government.

### MORE INCENDIARISM SOUTH.

It is not in the least improbable that the fate of Charleston may be shared before long by other Southern cities. The Montgomery (Alabama) *Advertiser* says that no less than seven attempts were made to set fire to that city within two days, and that two of them were partially successful.

### COTTON COMING TO MARKET.

The *Atlantic*, from Port Royal, brought the first installment of Sea Island cotton—150,000 pounds—and the intelligence that 400,000 pounds have already been secured by General Sherman. The expedition which was expected to leave for some point further South, under command of General Viele, has been abandoned for the present, the military and naval authorities having come to the conclusion that the force could be used to more advantage in the vicinity of Port Royal.

### MORE DISTRESS AT NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans *Delta* of November 25 says that 1800 families were supplied at the free market on the preceding day—an increase of one hundred families during a single week.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### ENGLAND.

#### DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

The consort of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, expired at noon of Sunday, 15th ult., his disease being gastric fever.

#### THE CHIEF OF THE TORIES FOR WAR.

The Earl of Derby is said to have been consulted by the British Government relative to the *Trent* affair. He is said to approve of its war policy, and to have counseled ship-owners to instruct outward-bound vessels to signalize any English vessels that war with America is probable.

#### PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

The excitement in England continues unabated, as far as the expression of newspaper opinion and public speeches are concerned. The war preparations of the British Government show no signs of diminution. Transports were still fitting out, and troops were being ordered in increased numbers to Canada. The *Black Prince* and *Chanticleer*, the steamships *Persia* and *Australasia*, with 11,000 men, artillery, and stores, were under orders to sail on the 11th December. The *Hero*, carrying 80 guns, sailed on the 8th. The *Sutlej*, 51 guns, was ordered to start for Canada as soon as possible. The Fifth Dragoon Guards and the Grenadier Guards have received orders to proceed at once to Canada. The Admiralty Agent, Captain Williams, who was on board the *Trent* when Mason and Slidell were taken off, received a letter from the British Government approving of his conduct in protesting against the capture of the rebel emissaries.

### FRANCE.

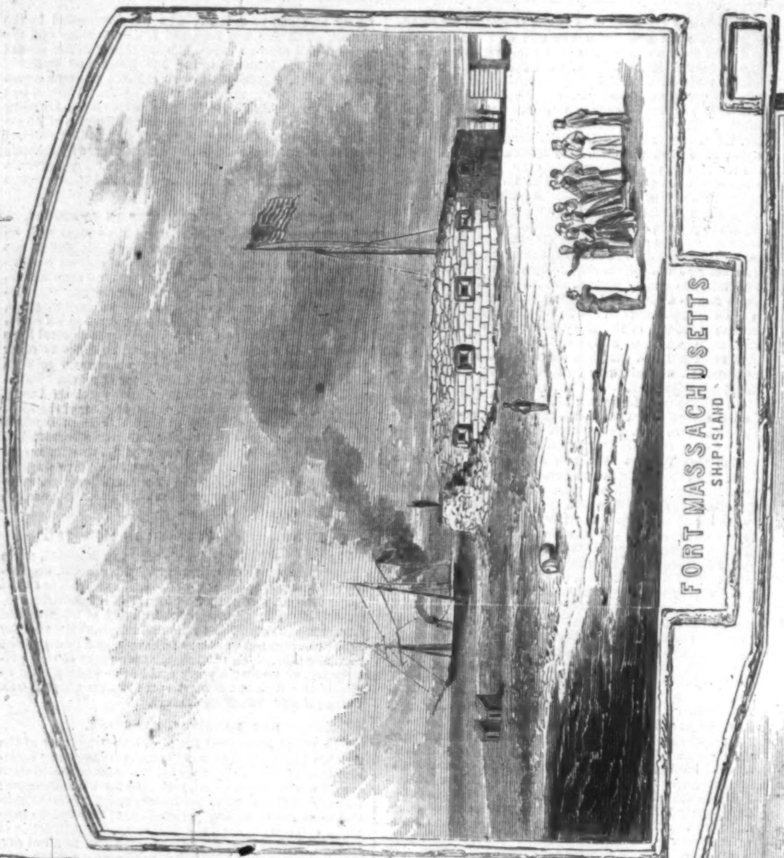
#### NAPOLEON OFFERS TO MEDIATE.

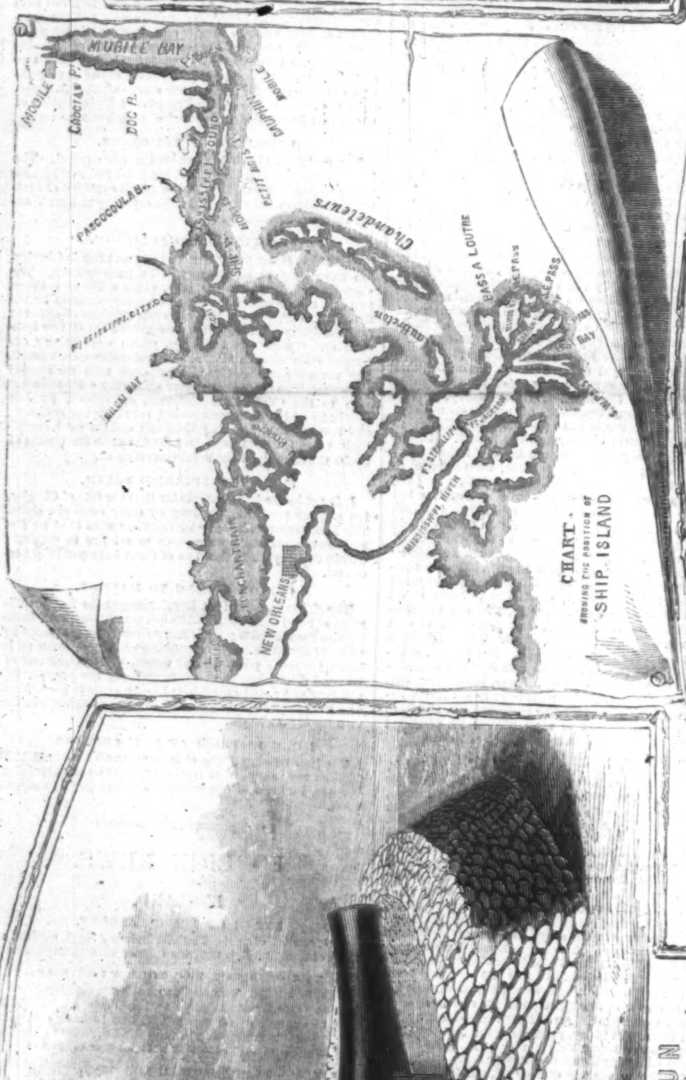
General Scott, previous to embarking in the *Arago*, had an interview with Prince Napoleon, at which it is reported that the Prince stated that the Emperor had expressed a desire to bring about a pacific solution of the impending difficulty between England and America.

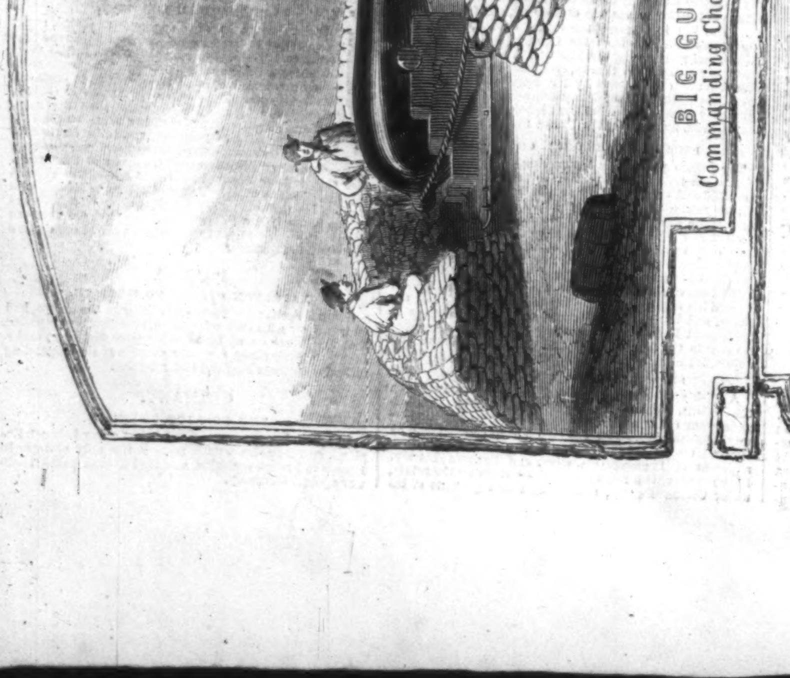
### GERMANY.

#### THE FEELING THERE.

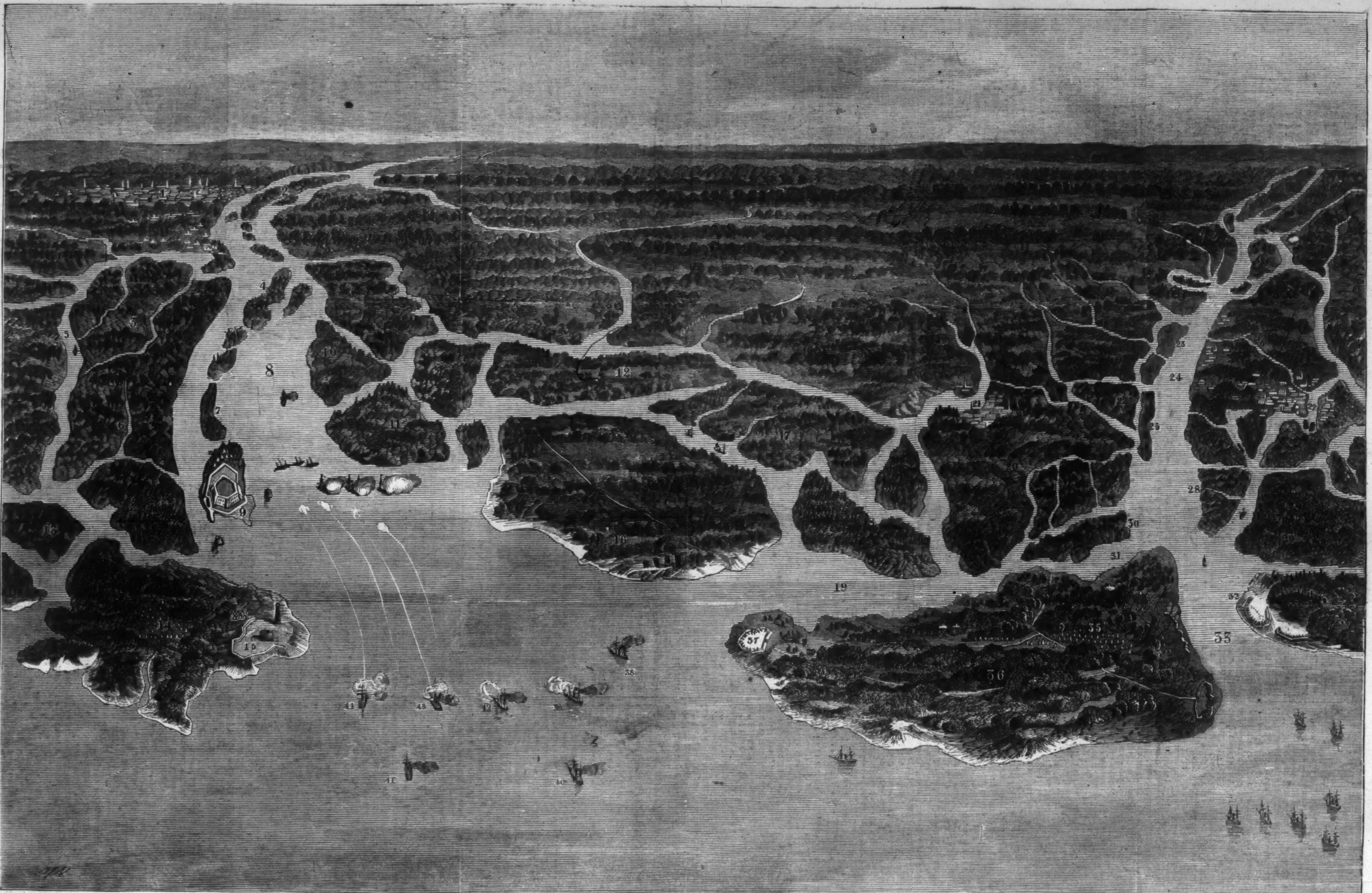
The Austrian papers are fearful that a war between England and America would remove the only obstacle in Europe to French ambition, and that France would begin war against Germany.



GENERAL VIEW OF SHIP ISLAND, SHOWING THE LANDING OF GENERAL PHELPS'S BRIGADE.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 2.]



BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE COAST, FROM SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, TO BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA, SHOWING THE POSITION OF OUR FLEET, ETC.——REFERENCES.—1. Savannah.—2. Hutchinson.—3. Bluff.—4. Flag Island.—5. Wilmington River.—6. Skidaway.—7. Long Island.—8. Savannah River.—9. Fort Pulaski.—10. Jones Island.—11. Turtle Island.—12. Long Pine Island.—13. Wilmington Island.—14. Tybee Island.—15. Martello tower.—16. Dawfuskie Island.—17. Savage Islands.—18. Bull Island.—19. Calibogue Sound.—20. Colleton Neck.—21. Bluffton.—22. Rose Island.—23. Lemon Island.—24. Broad River.—25. Daws Island.—26. Port Royal Island.—27. Beaufort.—28. Pariss Island.—29. Helena Island.—30. Pinckney Island.—31. Skull Creek.—32. Fort Beauregard.—33. Port Royal entrance.—34. Fort Walker.—35. Camp.—36. Hilton Head Island.—37. Braddock's Point.—38. The Savannah.—39. The Flag.—40. The Augusta.—41. The Seneca.—42. The Pocahontas.—43. The Florida.—44. The M'Clellan.

# CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW CHRISTMAS STORIES.

## I.—PICKING UP EVENING SHADOWS.

It is a tale, this that I am about to tell, of good deeds revealed, of good instincts roused, of a good work done, and a good result attained, and all through Evening Shadows.

I have often thought what tell-tell things shadows are. I mean the shadows that one who stands outside sees in the windows of a lighted-up room or building; the shadows thrown on a blind by figures interposing between it and the lamp-light. I have noticed these in churches during divine service, when I, wandering about outside, have looked up at the windows and seen the shades of a pair of lovers reading out of the same hymn-book; of children evidently chattering and grinning together; and sometimes a shadow which, bobbing forward from time to time in a jerking fashion, then catching itself, still with a jerk, then remaining preternaturally erect and still, and then beginning to bob again, has suggested to me that the fourth head of a sermon in eight compartments was being developed, and that the shadow before me was that of one who was taking refuge from oratory in sleep.

Among the number of the shadows which my memory retains there are some that lie upon it with no dark and shuddering chill; some that were cast by objects in themselves so pure and noble that the shade itself seemed only a subdued brightness, and the light that cast it—a glory.

My story begins at the time, some years ago, when, as a single man, I was living in a narrow and rather crowded street in one of the old parts of London—one of those streets where very decent houses are mixed with much poorer ones—and in one of the best and cleanest of which I occupied two rooms; a bedroom and a sitting-room. Having at that time, as I have now, a great dread of noise while at work, I made use of the back room as my studio, sleeping in the front of the house, which was quiet at night, but not in the daytime, by reason of the day traffic. My painting-room then was on the second floor, and at the back of the house; and as there was a street running at an acute angle to that in which I lived, and joining it only a few yards higher up, it will easily be understood that the backs of the houses in this slanting thoroughfare, which was called appropriately enough Cross Street, were in tolerably close proximity to my painting-room window. I have been thus exact in describing the topography of my place of abode, because then you will be better able to understand how it happened that my attention was directed to the circumstances which I am about to detail.

You will be able to understand how it was that, sitting, especially during the short days, as the dusk was beginning to fall, looking meditatively out of window and thinking of my work, my attention would often be drawn, almost without my knowledge, to some of the windows in the slanting street which I have described, and how I found myself not unfrequently speculating about some of the inhabitants of the rooms which were separated from that in which I was sitting by so small a space.

There was one window more than all the rest which, for some reason or other, used especially to occupy my thoughts. It was a window exactly level with my own, and exactly opposite to it. During the daytime, though the blind was always drawn up as high as it could be, I could see but little of the room, but what I could make out only showed me that it was a very poor place indeed. Long habits of a speculative use of my eyes, if I may so express myself, have perhaps given me a tendency to attach much importance to the external aspects of things as indicative of what goes on within. Be that as it may, I possess that tendency, and possess it very strongly on the subject of windows. I think that the windows of a house give one a great idea of the dispositions, the habits, and the tempers of the occupants. Who has not felt, in passing by a house whose well-cleaned windows are filled with flowers, where the solid white and green of the Arum, and the delicate shades of color in the rows of blossoming hyacinths, stand out in pleasant freshness against the dark back-ground formed by the interior of the room—who has not felt that the inhabitants of a house whose windows are thus decorated are in a calmer and happier condition than their next-door neighbors, where the yellow blind hangs crookedly across the dirty window, and the wire screen beneath has got a bulging ragged hole in it?

Holding, then, the theory which I have ventured thus to put forward, it will be readily believed that I augured the better of the occupants of the room opposite, from the fact that I could see through the lower panes of the window the leaves and branches of a great big fuschia spread out fan-wise on a wooden frame. Other little contrivances and adornments there were about this poor casement, which, though of the cheapest and most two-penny order of decorative art, showed yet some love of the gentler side of things, and a wish to put a good face on poverty.

But it is, as I have already said, toward dusk and in the evening that my attention has been oftenest fixed on the window which I have been describing. It is then that, the room being lighted up, the shadows of things and persons within it are thrown upon the blind with a clearness and distinctness which those who have never observed such matters would hardly credit. The shadows tell me then that the room is tenanted by a husband and wife, both young, I am certain. The man, as I gather from his position, and what I take to be the shadow of a tissue-paper screen behind which he stoops over his labor, is a poor drudging engraver, for whom the days are not long enough, sitting cramped up at his patient toil through many hours of the night. As I watch him, he will rise and stretch back his head to relieve the muscles of his neck, and then I see that the shadow thrown on the blind is that of a young figure, spare but well-made. The light shows me also that he wears a beard; it is a very strong light indeed, and this makes me more sure than ever that he is an engraver. The shadow of his wife is there beside him—almost always. How she watches over and tends him; how she hangs over his chair, or kneels beside him! I had never, at the time I speak of, seen her, but I could not help fancying that she was pretty and good enough to light up a darker room than that in which she lives, and to make her husband's life of toil—if he can keep it up—not only bearable but delightful.

If he can keep it up—but can he? His shadow is all that I have seen of him, but it looks like the shadow of one in delicate health. I never miss him from his place at night, and I can see the edge of his blind by which he works at his window all day. "If he sits drudging there," thought I, "he will surely, as is the case in all excess, defeat his own object, and end in being disabled altogether."

It was not long before I began to fear that what I had apprehended had taken place. There came a day when the blind was not drawn up to let in the light on the engraver's work, but remained drawn down the whole day. It would be difficult to express how anxiously I longed for the evening, and the shadows which should tell me more.

That evening the light was burning in the room as usual, but the straight-edge of the engraver's blind was not seen cutting against it. There was the shadow of but one person—it was that of a woman—and as the figure which cast it moved so quietly about, I could make out that she was pouring out drugs and mixing the different compounds wanted in a sick-room by the light of the lamp. Sometimes she would pause in these occupations and look toward one end of the room, where I concluded the bed was placed; and sometimes I could even imagine—but this must have been pure fancy—that, looking still in the same direction, her lips would move at times, and that she was speaking. I could even see her tasting the food she was mixing, with her head a little on one side; altering and tasting it often before she carried it across the room to where, I felt sure, the sick man lay. So much will shadows tell.

From my front window I can see a long way up and down the street, even to that corner where the early-breakfast dépôt is found every morning—a poor stall enough, and driving a poor business, I should have thought; a business, however, in which I am so deeply interested that my first morning act is to go to the window and see if the poor old proprietor has got a customer—nay, once I put on a pilot-coat and a wide-awake hat, to appear in character, and purchased a cup of his coffee, which was a sound coffee enough, though a little gritty, and perhaps a thought weak. Enough of that. I can see to the coffee-stall one way, and nearly as far the other, and at the back I command a bit of a court, two mewses and a half, and, by great dislocation of neck, a little scrap of Brewer Street, Golden Square. Now in all these regions, which are continually under my eye, I have noticed one constantly-pervading presence, one figure which comes upon the scene without fail every day in the year and at all conceivable hours. It is the figure of a tallish gentleman of about five-and-thirty, who stoops a little, has a very round back, wears spectacles, is always dressed in a buttoned black frock-coat, is always in a hurry, always expected anxiously at the houses he visits, and always followed to the door, on coming out again, by some who question him eagerly as he leaves them, and who seem to seek for comfort in his most inscrutable face. Of course I have not watched this gentleman's proceedings long without coming to the conclusion that it is Mr. Cordial, the parish doctor, whose surgery in Great Pulteney Street I am so often in the habit of passing.

If there had been any previous doubt on my mind as to the state of things in the house opposite, it would at once have been put to flight when, on the day succeeding that evening on which I had watched the engraver's wife in her capacity of nurse, I caught a dark glimpse of this gentleman's head (rather a bald head for so young a man) at the window of the room opposite, which he had come to, to prepare some mixture or other.

"Now here," I thought to myself, "is a pretty business! This is just what I feared. Here is this poor fellow laid up, unable to work, and probably not only ill in body, but harassed in mind by the consciousness that, as long as he is ill, there can be no money coming in to supply the daily expenses which, however poorly they live, he and his wife must of necessity incur."

I thought over this matter, and turned it all sorts of ways, as people who are unlucky enough, or unwise enough, to live alone do turn and twist things, and was so haunted by the thought of what was going on in the room opposite that, in the course of the afternoon, I was obliged to go out and take a long walk, in order to fill up the time that must necessarily intervene before the lamp would be lit and the shadows thrown upon the blind. When I got back from that walk I was in such hot haste for such silent news as I might reasonably hope to gain, that I did not even stay to light my candle, but felt my way as well as I could across the room, and stationed myself at the window.

At first I thought that there were no shadows at all on the white glaring blind, except those of the poor bits of curtain and of the spread-out fuschia before-mentioned; but by-and-by, noticing a small and continually moving shadow mixed up with that of the curtain, and observing that it rose and fell regularly and quickly, I presently connected it with another mass of shade a little above it, and arrived at the conclusion that this last was thrown by a woman's head, and by the moving shadow by her hand, as it rose and fell in the action of working with the needle. It was not long before I found out that my hypothesis was well grounded; for a little while the shadow of the hand was still and that of the head was raised, as if the person whose silhouëtte lay thus upon the blind was in the act of listening—and then it rose, and I saw the well-known figure of the engraver's wife pass the light, and knew that she had moved toward that quarter of the room in which I had made up my mind that the bed with the sick man in it was placed.

During the greater part of that evening, as I watched, and my occupations were frequently interrupted that I might do so, I made out no shadow but that which I have just mentioned. But, at about nine o'clock, I saw another shadow pass before the blind, and as it was that of a man, I had for a moment the hope that it was cast by the invalid. It was only for a moment; another glance showed me that this person wore no beard, and that there was greater bulk of figure than would have been cast by the poor engraver. I soon concluded that it was the doctor; and if I had any doubt on this subject it was removed when I presently observed the workman-like angle of elbow made by the shadow as it stood before the light, pouring something into what I suppose, from its size, must have been a tea-cup.

Twice a day, then. He was ill enough for the doctor to come to him twice a day.

My determination was taken as I made that reflection. I had got wrought up to a great state of interest and suspense about this case which I could hardly explain to myself. I felt a strange longing to know more of it, and I came to the resolution—it was like what might have been expected of a man half cracked with living alone—that I would go out, then and there, waylay the doctor as he came away from his patient, and ask him all about it.

I had lost some time in reflection, and when I looked hastily across before leaving my room I did not see any shadows on the blind, yet it was reasonable to suppose that I might still catch the doctor in the street; so out I rushed. Sure enough, there was the doctor just coming out of No. 4 Cross Street. How lucky I was to be in time!

I found the parish medical authority not very communicative or prone to take a very romantic view of sickness and suffering. He was a good sort of man enough, no doubt, but dry and matter-of-fact. He had seen so much of sickness and misery that he was used to it. He answered all my questions, however, politely, though seeming a good deal surprised at them.

"He had just been visiting a sick man in that house, had he not?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "he had. Bad case of low fever."

"Second floor—a married couple?" was my next inquiry.

Again an answer in the affirmative.

"Was it a case of great distress?"

"Yes, of very great distress."

"They have nothing to live upon but what the husband makes by his labor?" I asked.

"Nothing," was the answer.

"And he is laid up and unable to work?"

"That is the state of the case," replied the doctor.

"Ah! I thought so," said I. "Would you be kind enough, Doctor Cordial," I continued, "to take charge of this small sum" (it was a very small one) "for the benefit of these poor people—on no account mentioning how you came by it?"

The doctor promised that he would, and I was just going to leave him, when I thought I would ask the poor fellow's name.

"His name is Adams," said the doctor; and so we parted.

I now felt quite a sense of proprietorship in looking at my poor shadows opposite, and watched them more eagerly than ever. There was one action of the shadow, now unfortunately the only action to watch, which used to puzzle me not a little. The sick man's wife used at times to stand before the light, and, as it appeared to me, used to hold some article of clothing, or other piece of drapery, and examine it closely; sometimes I fancied that I could make the object out to be a shirt, or a coat, at another time a pair of trowsers. After this she would disappear, and I always noticed that the lamp would then be turned down till its light was very low, and would remain so for a considerable period. I could not understand this at the time, though I did afterward. She was testing the condition of different articles of clothing before taking them to the pawnbroker's.

And now I began to discover one of the bad results of my solitary life. Though I had given Dr. Cordial a small sum to go toward helping these poor people, it was quite impossible, in my straitened circumstances, that I could spare more. If I had resolutely kept my friends about me, there would have been somebody or other to whom I could apply in behalf of my poor shadows, while now it was impossible to do so. Even when the idea entered my mind of trying to revive some former friendships with this view, the fear that any one so applied to might imagine I wanted the help for myself at once deterred me.

While I was engaged in turning all these things over in my mind, there came across it the memory of one individual to whom I really felt as if I should not mind applying in this difficulty.

There was a certain Mr. Pycroft, a copper-plate printer, with whom I had formerly had dealings. He was an old man; and it so happened that at one time in my life I had been in a position to do him a service, and had done it. There was something about his age, his position, and our former relations, which made me feel less shy of approaching him than I should have felt with any one else. He was a fat, jolly-looking old boy, and was, as far as I had had opportunities of judging, as good-natured as he looked.

There was, however, one circumstance connected with his history which seemed to show him in a less amiable light, and the remembrance of which made me for a time hesitate about applying to him. I remembered to have heard that some short time ago he had acted with great severity toward his eldest son, who, having contracted a marriage against his father's wishes, had been deprived of his share in the business, which he had formerly enjoyed, and left to make a living as well as he could by his own exertions. The fact is, that the old man had had a darling project of marrying his eldest son to a young girl whose father was a business connection of his own. The old copper-plate printer was not only thwarted in this, but was further outraged by his son's choice having fallen in a direction particularly distasteful to him for private reasons. I suspected also, from what I had heard, that the conduct of the eldest son, which had been represented to his father as being violent and rebellious in no ordinary degree, had been made the worst of by the younger brother, who not only stepped into the lion's share of the business on his brother's removal, but himself contracted the marriage which his brother had declined. I could not help thinking, when I heard the circumstances of the case, that this younger son had had a great deal to do in poisoning the old man's mind with regard to his elder brother's conduct.

At all events, old Mr. Pycroft was the only person I could think of just now as likely to help my unfortunate shadows, and to him I determined to apply, but in a roundabout way. It occurred to me that if I could enlist his sympathy in the fate of these poor people, just as my own had been awakened, by means of the shadows, it would be a far better plan than any other.

It so happened that I had often promised my old acquaintance to show him a collection which I had of Rembrandt etchings, and it occurred to me that now was the time when these might come into play with great effect. So, making an excuse in relation to the matter of business which had formerly brought us together, I called on my old acquaintance, and, in the course of conversation, invited him, naming an evening, to come to my lodgings and examine these curiosities, intimating that we would moisten that pleasing labor with a glass of brandy-and-water. Punctual to the time named Mr. Pycroft arrived, and we got through the first hour very comfortably, though I could not help feeling rather anxious about the success of my scheme.

After examining the etchings, Mr. Pycroft, over the second glass, began to rally me about living in such a labyrinth of streets, asking me if I did not find it dreadfully confined at the back.

"By-the-by," I said—and here I must own that I was guilty of some small amount of deception, for I spoke as if the matter in hand were of no sort of importance—"by-the-by, Mr. Pycroft, you wouldn't imagine how much recreation I derive from observing my neighbors in that very cross street which you find comes too near my windows."

"If you was to come out of this kind of solitary life," replied Mr. P., "you would have other things to amuse yourself with besides the goings on of a parcel of people whom you know nothing about."

"Now here, for instance," I went on, unmindful of the interruption, as I drew aside my own curtain and pointed out the window of the room occupied by my poor young couple—"here is a window which has revealed to me all sorts of interesting matter—enough to make a story out of almost, I can tell you."

"What, this window opposite? But do you mean to say, Mr. B., that you think it right to look into people's rooms like that?"

"I have scrupulously abstained from doing so," was my answer, "and have made all my observations with the blind down, as you see it now."

"With the blind down? But how could you make any observations with the blind down?"

"By means of the shadows of the occupants of the apartment," was my answer.

"Shadows?" cried Mr. Pycroft, obviously incredulous. "You don't mean to tell me that you could make out what was going on in that room by means of the shadows on the blind?"

"Something of what goes on," I replied, "at any rate. Enough to interest me in the fortunes of those to whom the room belongs."

"Well, really, Mr. B.! If I had it on any other testimony than your own I should have thought it simply impossible."

"Would you like to look for yourself?" I said. "I dare say something will take place behind the blind before long which will give you an opportunity of testing the accuracy of what I have said."

"Well, without doubting that at all," replied my guest, "I really think I should."

Mr. Pycroft was sitting near the window, but my reading-lamp upon the table made the room rather too light for our observations. So I pushed the table away to the other end of the room, turned down the wick of the lamp, and lowered the shade over it as well.

"Well," said Mr. Pycroft, "I see nothing at present but a white blind with a light behind it."

The shadow of the little wife's head was there in the corner by the curtain, and the shadow of the hand rose and fell as usual; but Mr. Pycroft had not such a practiced eye as I had for detecting such matters. I pointed these out to my friend.

"I *do* see something bobbing up and down," he said, "now you mention it. But I should never have found it out without your help. Stop! there's a shadow now covering nearly the whole blind. What's that?"

"I suspect that it is the shadow of the same person," was my answer. "She will probably go nearer the window and farther from the light presently, and then you will see."

In a minute or two the shadow appeared again, and this time not so large.

"I can make it out now," said my friend, "quite easily; it is the shadow of a woman. I can see the line of the waist and of the skirts of the dress."

"Can you make out the face at all?" I asked.

"Oh yes," answered Mr. P. "It is turned sideways, looking to the left there. She's gone now," he added in a moment.

In a few minutes her shadow was thrown again upon the blind.

"What's she about now?" asked Mr. Pycroft.

"Nay, you shall tell me," I answered.

"Well, she seems to have some small object in her hand, which she is shaking."

"And now?" I asked again.

"I can't make out, her elbow seems raised—both hands are raised. No, I can't make out at all."

"*I* think she is pouring something out," said I.

"So she is, no doubt," answered my guest, who was evidently becoming much interested. "Stay," he continued, after a moment's pause, and looking at me quite anxiously as he spoke—"shaking, pouring—'to be well shaken before taken'—why, it must be medicine."

"I suspect it *is* medicine," was my answer.

"Is there some one ill, then?" asked Mr. Pycroft.

"Yes," I replied, "her husband."

"And did the shadow tell you that, too?"

"Yes, the shadow of her husband used to appear on the blind as often as hers, now I never see it. Exactly coincident with the disappearance of the husband's shadow has been the arrival of another shadow, which has been that of the parish doctor."

"And pray," asked Mr. Pycroft, with the air of one whose credulity had been really too much tasked at last, "*may* I ask how you knew it to be the doctor's shadow?"

"Doctor Cordial has the roundest back you ever saw in your life," was my answer.

"Well, this is really very curious," ejaculated the old copper-plate printer, who was now evidently powerfully interested.

As we continued to look the light was suddenly removed, and the room was left in darkness.

"What do you suppose has happened now?" inquired my companion.

"I suppose," was my answer, "that she has left the room for a short time. We shall see more presently, no doubt;" and almost as I spoke the light reappeared, and another shadow was in the room besides that of the little wife.

"The doctor?" asked Mr. Pycroft.

"There!" I cried, triumphantly, "you see how much may be discovered by shadows. You are expert already."

"He *has* a round back, certainly," said the old copper-plate printer.

The round-backed shadow now faded off softly in the direction toward which the profile of the little wife was turned so often. The white blind remained for some minutes shadowless.

"I suppose he is examining his patient now," said Mr. Pycroft; "here he is again," he added in another minute. The doctor, however, stood so near the light this time, and so completely with his back toward us, that we were unable to determine what he was doing. This was, naturally, often the case with the shadows. Much as one was able to make out, there was, of course, infinitely more, an explanation of which it was impossible even to guess at.

In a short time the round-backed shadow was joined by that of the sick man's wife, and then the two stood for some time in conversation; at least it was reasonable to suppose so.

"Giving her directions, I shouldn't wonder," said the copper-plate printer.

"Most likely," I answered.

"I wonder if he's *very* bad," said my companion. After this there was a pause. The two shadows continued standing by the table. At last we both thought that the doctor's shadow appeared to give something to the shade of the engraver's wife, and

immediately after the light was removed as it had been before: it had been probably taken out on to the landing in order that the doctor might see his way down stairs.

"And so they're very poor," said Mr. Pycroft, as if talking to himself.

"They had nothing but what the husband could earn," I answered, "and he is wholly incapable of working, and will remain so probably for weeks to come."

The light had now reappeared in the room. The shadow of the little wife seemed to linger by the table after setting it down. Her figure was motionless for a considerable time, and then we noted that the head fell forward, and that the face was buried in the hands, as if in an agony of silent grief.

We neither of us spoke, and at the same moment I dropped the curtain of my own window, which had before been fastened back; for I felt that this was sorrow with which a spectator had no right to intermeddle.

Soon afterward my old friend rose to go, and we spoke not another word on the matter. Just before I retired to rest, however, I looked out once more. The shadow of the little wife's head was in its usual place, and the shadow of her hand rose and fell as usual. She was at work again.

The next day, by an early post, I received a letter from Mr. Pycroft. He had been thinking a great deal, he said, of what he had seen the night before, and inclosed a little money, which he asked me to see applied to the benefit of the young couple in whose fortunes I had interested myself. He also begged me, from time to time, to let him have tidings of what "the shadows" were about.

I handed the money over to Dr. Cordial, asking him to apply it as might seem best to his judgment, but making no mention of who it came from. I asked him also to let me have news as frequently as possible of the condition of his patient. These I transmitted pretty nearly as often as I received them to the old copper-plate printer.

For some days there was not much to report, nor did the shadows tell me any thing different from what they had before revealed. The poor engraver's shadow was still wanting, and that of his little wife was either stationary in the corner, when she did what she could to earn a little money with her needle, or else was seen flitting about the room in attendance on her sick husband. At length there came a time when the fever reached its crisis, and when it was clear, according to the doctor's report, that the sufferer must sink under it or recover. To make my story as short as possible, I will not dwell on the details of this period of suspense. The one quality of youth possessed by the patient enabled his constitution to rally, and after this crisis in his disorder he began to mend.

And now a long convalescence followed, and a time arrived when one evening the shadow of a wasted figure moved slowly past the light, and I could guess as I watched it, and observed that it was accompanied by the well-known shadow of the little wife, that the sick man was moving from his bed to a chair by the fire.

Of course I made this advance known to my friend, the copper-plate printer, and kept him well acquainted with all the particulars of the gradual improvement in our invalid's health, even to the period when it was so far re-established that he was able at last to sit up for a certain number of hours every day at his engraving-table, and work once more for his wife's support.

"They are very grateful," I said, when I made this announcement to my old acquaintance, "to the unknown friend who has assisted them from time to time throughout their trouble."

"Oh no, nonsense, nonsense; it's nothing, nothing at all—nothing at all!" ejaculated the old fellow, trying to get away from the subject.

"And they are very anxious," I continued, resolutely, "to thank him personally, if he would but reveal himself and give them the opportunity."

"No, no, not for the world," was the answer; "oh dear no—impossible. Here, here's a little trifle extra, just to set them going, you know, because he mustn't work too much at first."

"And you won't let them see you?" I asked again.

"No, no, no—on no account," said the old boy. "I'll tell you what, though," he continued, in a moment, "I should like to see *them*—see them as I did before—the shadows, you know," he added. "I'll come and have a glass of brandy-and-water with you some evening, and have a look at the shadows again."

I was obliged to be satisfied with this, and, making an engagement with my old friend for an early day, I left him and went home.

The evening came, and with it an unusual amount of stir and bustle in the quiet room opposite. The figure of the little wife was continually flitting backward and forward in front of the light, as if she were engaged in smartening up the poor apartment. Hanging in the very middle of the window, and so close to the thin white blind that I could see it distinctly, there was a bird-cage with a bird in it; and it was owing to the presence of this object that I had been chiefly able to form some idea of what my two friends opposite were like. When either of them approached the bird-cage, as would sometimes happen, to give a chirp of encouragement to its occupant, I could see the profile of the person who did so as distinctly as one used to trace the silhouettes of the old black portraits which itinerant artists were wont to cut out at fairs. Except at such times as this, when the engraver or his wife stood thus near the window and far from the light, I could distinguish little but a shapeless mass; and when either of them approached the candle nearly, their shadows became so gigantic that the whole space of the window—an unusually large one—was completely darkened, even by one figure. I must repeat what I have said before, that the opportunities were very rare when I could make out what the shadows were about, and that in all cases in which I could detect such processes of mixing drinks, pouring out of medicines, and the like, it was owing to the fact that some necessary object connected with the proceeding was placed on some article of furniture which stood in or near the window.

Punctual to the appointed time, my old friend, the copper-plate printer, made his appearance, and his first question, after the usual greeting had been exchanged, was:

"Well, how are the shadows?"

I placed his chair in the old position, and we both sat down.

The bustle and movement to which I have adverted as going on in the room opposite were still noticeable, and I had little doubt that the apartment was being "cleaned up;" an impression to which additional force was soon given by the dawning on the scene of a thin, straight shadow, which I took to be a broomstick, and which was now brought into active service.

I must not omit to mention that at the moment of a certain pause in the career of the broom the figure of the poor engraver was thrown with great distinctness on the blind. He had come to the window to stick some object, probably a piece of groundsel, between the wires of the bird-cage.

When this happened I noticed a great change come over the countenance of my guest. He raised himself in his chair, and, looking eagerly forward, said, in quite a strange tone of voice:

"What did you say was the name of these people?"

"Adams," was my answer.

"Adams—you are quite sure?"

"Quite," I replied. By this time the shadow had vanished again, but I remarked that for a considerable time Mr. Pycroft seemed absent and uncomfortable, and we had talked of many matters foreign to the subject I had at heart before he again returned to the shadows,

"They seem quiet enough now," said Mr. Pycroft at last.

"I dare say," I answered, "that the cleaning of the room is over, and that they have sat down to a bit of supper."

"Do you think so?" asked the old copper-plate printer.

"I dare say they have some little luxury furnished by your liberality."

"Do you really think so?" said the old boy, who had a great idea of comfort. "What do you think they've got? I wish the shadows would show us that!"

I darted at once at the opening which I saw here.

"The shadows will not show it," I said; "but why not go across and see it in substance? It would make their supper all the sweeter to them, I am sure."

The old gentleman had just finished a tumbler of hot grog. He was in high good-humor, and as I finished speaking his eyes began to twinkle, and a latent smile developed itself about the corners of his mouth.

"It wouldn't be bad fun, would it?" he said.

I wanted nothing more, and in another minute I had him on his legs, and we were on our way to No. 4.

A little girl was on the door-step with a pot of beer in her hand, and we had no sooner stopped before the house than she made known a want incidental to the lives of maidens who stand only three feet two inches in their stockings:

"Please, Sir, will you ring the second bell from the top?"

"Second floor?" I said, as I complied; "that's where Mr. and Mrs. Adams live, isn't it?"

"Yes, Sir, and he's my father," said the young lady, who evidently looked upon the couple alluded to as one flesh. I thought it odd I had never seen this child's shadow on the blind.

"Well, I want to see him, then," I replied, "and so does this gentleman."

"Oh, but you can't, though," said the little girl—who, by-the-way, appeared to be a precocious shrew—"for father's at supper, and there's a fowl, and father's been ill, and you can't disturb him just as he's a little better—so that you can't."

"You just hold your tongue, Miss, will you?" said a voice at this juncture, "and let me talk to the gentleman."

I looked up, and saw that the door had been opened by a tall, gaunt-looking woman with a large nose.

"Who did you please to want, Sir?" she asked, in a whining tone, which I disliked very much.

I told her briefly who we were, and the object of our visit.

"Oh, what a joyful surprise!" said the gaunt woman, whining as before in a manner infinitely offensive to me. "Get along up stairs, Lizzy," she continued, addressing the child, "and tell your father that the kind gentleman as assisted him in his illness is coming to see him; I'm his wife, kind gentlemen"—(*this* the shadow that I had interested myself in!)—"I'm his poor wife that nussed him through his illness, and—take care of the stairs, kind gentlemen—and this is the room, gentlemen; and here's a joyful surprise, James; the gentlemen that's been so kind all the time you've been ill: and be pleased to take a seat, gentlemen, and honor our poor room by sitting down in it."

I was thunder-struck. A little common-looking man was sitting at the table on which a smoking fowl, a bit of bacon, and some potatoes had been placed. He bore the evident marks of recent illness, and rose with some effort at our entry. He resumed his seat, however, as I and my companion sat down. I took a chair, as I should have taken any thing that was offered me in sheer surprise and bewilderment. I looked once more at the man's wife. What, was that the substance of the neat little shadow which I knew so well—that great gaunt sloping creature? Were shadows so deceptive as this? Would any body tell me that my opposite neighbor could have had such a nose as I now saw, and that it would not have stood out in bold relief and left its mark upon my memory every time she approached the window?

The husband too. That was not my poor engraver. He was an inoffensive man enough, as he sat there full of clumsy expressions of gratitude to my companion for the assistance accorded to him during his recent attack of fever. He was a harmless little man, no doubt. Not quite such a heavy blow as his wife; but still he was not my engraver.

All this time, even while her husband was speaking, the gaunt woman kept up an under-current of gratitude of the slimiest description, to which the old gentleman answered not a word, for he seemed as little prepared for the real Mr. and Mrs. Adams by what he had seen of their shadows as I was. In short, beyond a few words of inquiry as to the state of the invalid's health, which I had managed to utter on first coming into the room, we had neither of us spoken a word.

Suddenly the tremendous idea entered my mind that there must be some mistake. I had been staring some time at the little girl whom we originally met on the door-step, and who, to do her justice, returned the compliment with interest, when it struck me that her head came considerably above the window-sill, and that, consequently, it was a most extraordinary thing that its shadow had never caught my attention. My eyes having in the course of this comparison of the young lady with the window-sill been directed toward this last part of the room, I next observed that there was no bird-cage hanging in the window.

"Halloa!" I ejaculated, "you've taken down the bird-cage."

"Bird-cage, Sir?" whined the gaunt woman, deferentially.

"We ain't got no bird-cage," burst out the small child of the door-step, "nor never haven't had none—nor yet no bird neither."

"*Will* you hold your tongue, Miss?" interposed her mother.

There was an awkward pause. I looked again about the room, I looked at the woman, I looked at her husband—he had no beard, I now observed. I had, however, presence of mind enough not to ask after that missing appendage as I had done after the bird-cage. I determined to make assurance doubly sure, and walking toward the window and pulling aside the blind, observed, as an excuse for looking out:

"I am afraid you must be a good deal choked up at the back with houses. Isn't that rather unwholesome?"

A voluble answer on the subject of confined lodgings, their advantages and disadvantages, followed, but I did not hear it. I was looking for my own window in the house opposite. I had left the lamp alight and the blind half drawn up. The window before me, exactly in front of that which I was looking from, was fastened up and secured with shutters. Stretching my neck, and glancing in a slanting direction toward the next of the opposite houses, I saw that the second-floor window was illuminated, and that the blind was half lowered.

"Your supper is getting cold," I said, coming back to the table, and exchanging a glance of meaning with my companion; "my friend and I only wished to come in and see how you were enjoying yourselves, and so now we will leave you to do better justice to the fowl than you could if we remained here."

So saying, and resisting all entreaties to stay and take a share of the good things, I made for the door, and was soon on the staircase, followed closely by Mr. Pycroft, who, speechless as long as we remained in the room, did nothing now but repeat, "Wrong people, eh?—been feeding the wrong people, haven't we?" in a loud and perfectly audible whisper. The gaunt woman was, however, too loquacious herself to hear what was said, and during the time that she lighted us down the stairs never ceased whining out her gratitude for a single moment.

When we got into the street I turned round and looked my companion in the face.

"It is some comfort, at any rate," I said, "to think that you have been assisting people who were really in need of help, but it is evident that every penny of your bounty has gone to the family we have just left."

"And how do you account for the mistake?" asked my old friend.

"I can only conclude," was my answer, "that by a curious coincidence there have been two second-floor lodgers ill in two houses next door to each other; that after my seeing Dr. Cordial at the window opposite to mine, he had gone from the one house to the other; that he had had time to pay a short visit to the invalid we have just left; and that then I had met him coming away, as I thought, from attending on our poor shadows, but in reality from the deserving personage whose supper has been supplied by your benevolence."

"And the shadows?" gasped Mr. Pycroft, utterly aghast.

"Have, through my unfortunate mistake, not received a single shilling," was my answer.

Mr. Pycroft stared at me for some time in petrified amazement.

"We can never leave the thing like this," he said, at last. "Do you think you could be sure of the house *this* time?"

"I can understand your feeling some mistrust about it," I said, "but I own that I feel none myself. *This* is the house, beyond a doubt." I looked up as I spoke at No. 5.

"Then let's bring the matter to a conclusion at once," said the old copper-plate printer, stoutly: and with that we actually rang at the second bell-handle on the left hand door-post.

After the proper amount of delay the door was opened by a slatternly woman.

"Second-floor back?" said I, in a mellifluous voice.

"Front," replied the slatternly woman, in rather an injured tone; "you should have rung the bell on the right door-post."

I begged pardon with all humility, and the slatternly woman relented a little.

"The two pair back's at home, I know," she said, "and if you're coming up I may as well light you."

We availed ourselves of this offer, and in a few seconds we were on the second-floor landing. The slatternly woman pointed out the door at which we were to knock, and opening her own, and letting out in so doing a blast of onions that almost made my eyes water, she disappeared into the refreshing vapor, and shut herself in with it.

My curiosity was now powerfully piqued, and I felt as if some great stake hinged upon the opening of the door at which we stood and knocked.

A clear, cheerful voice called to us to enter, and in another moment we stood inside the room.

Two people, a man and a woman, occupied the apartment. One of them, the man, was at first hidden from view, but in the other, as she rose upon our entrance, I recognized at once the shadow with which I was so familiar.

The room was a great contrast to that which we had just left, which was tolerably well provided with furniture. This room was utterly bare, looking as if all available objects had been removed, as probably they had, to be turned into money. A mattress and some bedding were on the floor at one end of the room. The table, and a couple of old chairs, were the only articles of furniture I could see. The engraver's lamp was on the table, and the materials for a very poor meal which the two had evidently just been cooking—a very little scrap of bacon and some boiled rice. The bird-cage was hanging in the window, if I had wanted any confirmation of my conviction that I had found my shadows at last.

Of course, all these things were taken in by me at a single glance, it being necessary that I should at once account for my visit and that of my friend. I had begun to do so in a few hurried words, when my attention was suddenly arrested by an exclamation from Mr. Pycroft, who had followed me. The second occupant of the room, whom we had at first seen but imperfectly, had now risen to his feet, and stood, with the light full upon him, straining his eyes into the shade where my companion stood behind me. I turned hastily round, and met the stern gaze of my old friend.

"If this is a trick, Mr. Broadhead," he said, speaking very thick, and with choking utterance, "I can tell you that it does you little credit."

"What do you mean?" I asked, in utter bewilderment.

"I mean that if this has all been a planned thing to bring about a reconciliation between me and my son—"

"Your son?" I gasped.

"I can only say," continued Mr. Pycroft, "that it shall meet with the success it deserves."

He turned as he spoke, and made for the door, but I was beforehand with him.

"Stay, Mr. Pycroft," I cried. "If you choose to retain this feeling of animosity, which so ill becomes you, you must, but you shall not go away with a false impression of this matter as far as I am concerned in it. I swear to you that your suspicions of me are false, that when we came to this room I had no more idea of who were its occupants than you had, and that I never knew your son was living in this abject misery; though, if I had, I would certainly have done my best to rouse you to a feeling of what, under such circumstances, you owe to one who bears your name."

Mr. Pycroft had glanced once searchingly toward me when I denied his imputation of having been concerned in a plot to trick him into a reconciliation, and now his eyes were directed toward the place where his son stood before him.

He was a fine, manly-looking fellow, and as he stood there holding his wife's hand in his, and with the refining influence of recent illness showing on his worn but handsome face, I could not help feeling that surely this picture must complete the work which the shadows had so well begun.

"Look at them!" I said—"look at this room—look at that meal! Can you see such wretchedness and not be moved? If your son has displeased you, has he not suffered? If he has disobeyed, he has paid the penalty."

I looked in my companion's face, and I thought that I saw some shadow of compunction working there.

"Do not," I said, "let the sympathy which you bestowed upon the shadows be wanting for the realities which cast them."

The little wife at this moment left her husband's side, and, advancing to where we stood, laid her hand timidly on that of my old friend. I looked at him once more, and then, beckoning the poor engraver to his father's side, I passed quietly from the room, where I felt that my presence was no longer needed.

About an hour afterward I was sitting disconsolately in my room, reflecting on the loneliness of my own position, and rather envying my opposite neighbors, when I heard my own name shouted in a cheery voice from without.

I looked in the old direction, and saw my friend Mr. Pycroft standing at his son's open window.

"We want you to come over," said the old gentleman, "and spend what is left of the evening with us."

I assented gladly, and was just drawing in my head when I heard myself called once more by name.

"And I say," said Mr. Pycroft, in a stage whisper, "as we are rather short of liquor here, perhaps you wouldn't mind bringing a bottle of brandy in your pocket: and if you happen to have such a thing as a lemon—"

In a few minutes I was sitting one of a comfortable party in the room opposite.

"Do you know what is one of the first things we intend to do now?" said the little wife, smiling as she looked at me.

"I have not the least idea," was my answer.

"Why, we are going to nail up the thickest curtain we can get, in order to prevent our opposite neighbor from seeing what we are about whenever our lamp happens to be alight."

"You need not be afraid," I said; "and you may save yourself the trouble of putting up the curtain, for the opposite neighbor hopes henceforth to see so much of his new friends in their Substance, that he is not likely to trouble himself much more about—their Shadows."

## II.—PICKING UP A POCKET-BOOK.

Office-hours were over, and we were all taking down our straw-hats from the pegs on which they dangled; ledgers were clasped, papers put away, desks locked, and the work of the day was at an end, when the white-haired cashier came sidling toward me. "Mr. Walford, Sir, would you stay a moment? Would you step this way? The firm wish to speak to you."

Good old Job Wiginton always described his employers, collectively, as "the firm." They were sacred beings in his eyes, were Spalding and Hausermann, and he had served them for a quarter of a century with exemplary fidelity and respect. Job Wiginton, like myself, and like the senior partner in that great mercantile house, was an Englishman born and bred. He had kept the books of Spalding and Hausermann for twenty years at Philadelphia, and had cheerfully followed them to California, when they decided on settling in San Francisco City, five years before. The younger clerks, French or American for the most part, were rather disposed to make a butt of the simple, honest old cashier; but he and I had been very good friends during the four years of my employment, and I always entertained a sincere respect for the old man's sterling good qualities. Now, however, for a reason I will presently explain, I was considerably taken aback by the communication which Mr. Wiginton made in his own formal way.

"The firm wish to see me?" I stammered, with a tell-tale color rising in my face. Old Job nodded assent, coughed, and carefully wiped his gold-rimmed spectacles. I had noticed, in spite of my own confusion, that the cashier was dejected and nervous; his voice was husky, his hand trembled as he rubbed the dim glasses, and there was an unwonted moisture in his round blue eyes. As I followed Job into the inner parlor, where the merchants usually sat during business hours, I marveled much what this wholly unexpected summons might portend. I had formerly been on terms of great and cordial intimacy with my employers; but for the last three months, my intercourse, with the senior partner in especial, had been strictly confined to business matters and dry routine. It was not that I had done any thing to forfeit the good opinion of the firm. My employers had still the same confidence in me, the same regard for me, as heretofore; but there was an end, if not of friendship, at least cordiality. This partial estrangement dated from the day when, with Emma Spalding smiling through tears and blushes at my side, I had ventured to tell the rich merchant that I loved his only daughter, and that my love was returned. It is an old, old story. We were two young persons of the same country and creed, alike in tastes and education, and in other respects, wealth excepted, not so ill matched; and we were together on a foreign shore, among strange people. We had been suffered to associate familiarly together, to read poetry, sing duets, and so forth; for Emma had no mother to watch against the approach of poverty-striken suitors, and Mr. Spalding was a proud man, and not given to suspicion. Hence we glided—as millions of couples have done

[*Continued on Page* 10.]

# GENERAL BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF WASHINGTON AND THE VICIN

1. Bluff Point.—2. Matthias Point.—3. Marlboro' Point.—4. Maryland Point.—5. Smith's Point.—6. Shipping Point.—7. Cockpit Point.—8. Freestone Point.—9. High Point.—10. Sandy Point.—11. Indian Head.—12. Hallowing Point.—13. White-house Points.—14. Moun
Batteries.—25. Railroad to Richmond.—26. Fredericksburg.—27. Stafford Court House.—28. Aquia.—29. Dumfries.—30. Occoquan and River.—31. Pohick Creek.—32. Accotink River.—33. Fredericksburg Turnpike.—34. Mount Vernon Road.—35. Infantry breast-wor
and Alexandria Railroad.—46. Springfield Station.—47. Fort Ward.—48. Fort Blenker.—49. Four Mile Run.—50. Fort Scott.—51. Fort Runyon.—52. Fort Albany.—53. Fort Richardson.—54. Fort Craig.—55. Arlington Mills.—56. Bailey's Cross Roads.—57. Mason's H
69. Upton's Hill.—70. Taylor's Tavern.—71. Annandale.—72. Aqueduct Bridge.—73. Fort Bennett.—74. Fort Ethan Allen.—75. Falls Church.—76. Chain Bridge.—77. Little Falls.—78. Fort Marcy.—79. Lewinsville.—80. Miner's Hill.—81. Brent's Hill.—82. Pros
95. Fairfax.—96. Warrenton.—97. Gordonsville.—98. Ferry.—99. Observatory.—100. Georgetown.—101. Rock Creek.—102. President's House and Treasury Building.—103. Washington Monument.—104. Smithsonian Institute.—105. Patent Office.—106. General Po
Creek.—119. Oxen Run.—120. Piscataway Creek.—121. Rockville Turnpike.—122. Tiber Creek.—123. Washington City Canal.—124. Mason's Island.

## INITY, SHOWING THE FORTS, CAMPS, RAILROADS, RIVERS, ETC.

4. Mount Vernon.—15. Chapman's Point.—16. Sheridan's Point.—17. Fort Washington.—18. Port Tobacco.—19. Chickamoxen Creek.—20. Mattawoman River.—21. King George Court House.—22. Rappahannock River.—23. Aquia Creek.—24. Aquia Creek
east-works.—36. Fort Lyon.—37. Fort Ellsworth.—38. Alexandria.—39. Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.—40. Loudon and Hampshire Railroad.—41. Alexandria and Leesburg Turnpike.—42. Fairfax Seminary.—43. Fort Worth.—44. Hunting Creek.—45. Orang
ason's Hill.—58. Columbia Turnpike.—59. Benton's Tavern.—60. Fairfax Station.—61. Fort Tillinghast.—62. Fort Rains.—63. Fort Woodbury.—64. Arlington House.—65. Arlington Heights.—66. Fort Corcoran.—67. Ball's Cross Roads.—68. Munson's Hill.—
82. Prospect Hill.—83. Vienna.—84. Hunter's Mills.—85. Flint Hill.—86. Germantown.—87. Fairfax Court House.—88. Little River Turnpike.—89. Cub Run.—90. Centreville.—91. Bull Run.—92. Union Mills.—93. Yates Ford.—94. Manassas Junction.—
eneral Post-office.—107. City Hall.—108. Capitol.—109. Railroad to Baltimore.—110. Baltimore Turnpike.—111. Long Bridge.—112. Arsenal.—113. Navy-yard.—114. Marine Hospital.—115. Potomac River.—116. Eastern Branch.—117. Piney Creek.—118. Mill

[*Continued from Page 7.*]

before, and will again—down the smooth rose-strewn path that leads from friendship to love. I am sure of one thing: it was not my employer's wealth, or the idea of Emma's probable expectations from her father—who had but two children, a son and a daughter, between whom to divide the accumulations of a life spent in honorable toil—which allured me. But the time came when soft words and fond looks had to give place to an avowal of attachment. I spoke out to Emma, without premeditation; and, once across the Rubicon, other considerations, undreamed of as yet, came to beset me mockingly. What would Mr. Spalding think of me? Surely he could form but one judgment of the poor clerk, with no property beyond his pitiful savings, who had dared to entangle the affections of his master's daughter? My course was clear. I must tell him the truth, at whatever cost to myself.

I did so. The disclosure was hurried on by some slight unforeseen circumstance, as my proposal had been, but I was at least candid in my avowals. To do Mr. Spalding justice, he rejected my suit in as gentle and courteous a fashion as the harsh operation would admit of. But, cut to the heart, I withdrew from his presence, very very wretched, and had for many days afterward serious thoughts of excluding myself from observation, becoming a solitary man, and leading a gloomy and moody life. Better thoughts, however, lying deeper within me, admonished me of the utter worthlessness of a purposeless existence, and of the utter contemptibility of the soul that can sink into it. And thus it fell out that I ceased to visit my employer as a private friend, and yet remained in his employ.

Was I mean-spirited for staying on thus? I can not pretend to decide so nice a point, but I know that it was a great stimulant to me to have obtained a moral victory over myself, and some relief to the disappointment of my dearest hopes that I was still allowed to breathe the same air as Emma Spalding, to catch a glimpse of her sweet saddened face, were it but on the way to church, though for three weary months we never interchanged a word.

So I was not a little surprised when Job Wiginton summoned me to the presence of "the firm." My heart beat quickly as the old cashier turned the handle of the door. What could Mr. Spalding want of me? I had kept the promise he had wrung from me; I had abstained from any intrusion, any unlicensed correspondence. Surely, surely he could not send for me merely to say that a rejected suitor was ineligible even as a servant, and that our connection must cease? In the larger of the two adjacent rooms, a room hung in Spanish fashion with stamped and gilded leather, and heavily furnished with dark mahogany from Honduras, I found the firm. Mr. Spalding, a tall, thin, gray-headed gentleman, was pacing up and down the apartment in great agitation. Mr. Hausermann, a German, as his name implies, sat before a table covered with papers, ejaculating guttural exclamations of wonder from time to time, and with a look of hopeless perplexity in his fat pink face. The cashier entered along with me, and closed the door.

"Ach, mein Himmel!" muttered the junior partner—a hale, portly man, but of a flabby nature, morally and physically, compared with the energetic chief of the house—"ach! we were petter to have never peen porn than live to see this!"

Job Wiginton gave a groan of sincere sympathy. I quickly perceived that something had gone wrong, and as quickly did I see that this mysterious something had no direct reference to my audacity in winning the heart of Emma Spalding. What was amiss? There is one grisly ghost that always haunts the imagination of the more intelligent subordinates of a commercial firm—Bankruptcy. But the house had been such a prudent house, so steady and well ballasted, had glided so demurely along in safe old-world groove, that it was rather ridiculed in consequence by the mushroom firms that daily arose or collapsed around us. But I had little time to think, for Mr. Spalding stopped in his walk, came abruptly up to me, and took me by both hands. "George Walford," said the old merchant, with more emotion in his voice and features than he had ever shown before, "I have not been kind to you lately. You were a good friend to me—before—before—" and here he reddened somewhat, and ceased speaking.

I glanced toward Mr. Hausermann, but he looked so fat and helpless as he sat in his arm-chair, murmuring phrases in his native tongue, that I saw no explanation was to be looked for in that quarter. So I told Mr. Spalding, in as firm a tone as possible, that our mutual esteem had, I hoped, survived our intimacy, and that I still felt myself a faithful friend to him and his, and would gladly prove myself one.

"I thought so—I thought so," said the merchant, looking pleased for a moment; "you are a good lad, George, and that's why I come to you for help in my sore need, hard and harsh as you may have thought me the other day—when— Never mind!"

"I was first to say it," exclaimed Mr. Hausermann. "Let us call Shorge Walford,' say I. 'He has got ver goot prains; ver goot young man.'"

A quarter of a century spent among Anglo-Saxons had never taught Mr. Hausermann the English language in its purity. Indeed, his life, out of office hours, was spent entirely with Teutons like himself, who swarm all over America, and with whom he could enjoy German conversation, Rhine wine, and the black coffee of the Fatherland. I should never get to the end of the interview if I described it verbatim, chronicling the broken sentences and vague talk of the junior partner, and the comments of Job Wiginton. The confidential cashier sympathized with the distress of his employers as a faithful dog might have done, and was about as likely to suggest a practical remedy. Mr. Wiginton was worthy of all trust; he was as close as wax and as honest as the day, but he was a mere machine for the casting up of sums, the balancing of books, and locking of safes. Mr. Hausermann was not much cleverer than the cashier; he was an admirable arithmetician, could detect an error of a halfpenny in a problem involving billions, and his penmanship was magnificent. But, with these attainments, he owed his present position in commerce not to his abilities, but to the florins he had inherited, and to the talent and keenness of his English partner. It was from the chief of the house himself that I heard the following tale: Mr. Spalding, as I have said, had but two children, Emma and her brother Adolphus; his wife had died on the voyage from Philadelphia, and his affection centred in his boy and girl. Unluckily, Adolphus did not turn out well, was wild and extravagant, and squandered his liberal allowance among horse-jockeys and gamblers. Mr. Spalding, strict with all the world besides, was rather lax and indulgent where his son was concerned. The young man was very good-looking and of pleasing address; he had been the darling of his dead mother; and the father was very patient and forbearing with him for her sake. The youth went from bad to worse, got deeper into debt and evil company, seldom came home, and seriously impaired his health by a long course of excesses. All this I knew, for Adolphus was a clerk in the house, nominally at least, though he hardly ever occupied his stool in the office. But what I did not know was that Adolphus Spalding, in his eagerness to settle a number of so-called debts of honor, had been led to rob his father. He had forged the signatures of Spalding and Hausermann to a check for thirty thousand dollars, payable at sight, and purporting to be drawn by the merchants on their bankers in New York. More than this: he had abstracted from his father's desk a Russia-leather pocket-book, containing bills and securities to a great amount, and this he had placed in the hands of the same vile associate who had undertaken to present the check at the counter of the New York bank.

"The scoundrel is gone Northward already. He started last Tuesday, by the way of Panama, along with the mail," said Mr. Spalding. "You know the man, I dare say, for he was very notorious in the town—Joram Heckler."

"Dr. Joram Heckler!" I exclaimed, as I recalled to mind the dark, clever face of the young man alluded to: a plausible, well-mannered person, who had been sub-editor of a San Francisco newspaper.

"Yes, Doctor, or Colonel, Heckler," responded Mr. Spalding, with a bitter smile; "for it appears that he has assumed a military title on the journey back to the North. He possessed great influence over the mind of my misguided son; he was the tempter in this accursed robbery; and I doubt not that he intends to appropriate the entire spoil to himself."

I now asked Mr. Spalding, as delicately as I could, *how* he had obtained his information.

It appeared that Adolphus, whose feeble frame, exhausted by hard living, was ill-fitted to sustain the fierce excitement of the felonious act he had committed, had sickened of a fever immediately after the departure of his accomplice.

"The wretched boy lies on his bed up stairs, quivering between life and death," said the father, with a faltering voice, "and in his delirium he has betrayed his guilt. His sister, who has watched at his bedside like an angel as she is, dear girl, she was frightened at his ravings of self-accusation. She called me, and with my own ears I heard the son I was so proud of—my petted boy—tell how he had cheated and plundered me."

The old merchant staggered to a chair, and I saw the tears trickle between the fingers with which he tried to hide the workings of his wrinkled face.

After a time he grew more calm. Then he developed his plan, in which broke out his habitual decision and force of character. Before all things, the honor of the house must be saved. The value of the money at stake (though a large sum) was trifling compared to the disgrace, the loss of credit, the blot upon the name of Spalding. Yes, at any cost, the young man's shameful act must be hidden in darkness. The check must not be presented, the bills must not be negotiated. But how to prevent the tempter from realizing the benefits of his ill-gotten booty? He was off—he was speeding toward New York by the quick Panama route; in a few weeks he would be there. No pursuit seemed possible. The delay till the start of the next mail would be fatal. I remembered the Pony Express, the swift overland mail whereby we Californian residents can most rapidly communicate with the civilized world, and I suggested this resource.

Mr. Spalding shook his head. "No, that would never do: I might send a dispatch, no doubt, to stop the payment of the check. I might perhaps procure Heckler's arrest on his arrival in New York, but thence would spring inquiry, doubt, suspicion, and the whole black affair would creep into the journals before a week was out. No. I have but one hope, one chance; I must send a trust-worthy person—I am too old to go myself—a trust-worthy person to hasten to New York by the perilous route across the Rocky Mountains, and he must arrive before Heckler, and must get the papers from him by violence or stratagem. George Walford, you are the man I have selected."

"I, Sir?"

I was stupefied. Before my fancy rose, like a panorama, the long route, then but lately explored, that traversed the enormous continent from sea to sea—a route teeming with dangers. All I had ever heard or read of prairie travel, of famine, fire, the assaults of wild beasts, and of human foes more pitiless still, crowded on my memory at once. I thought of the vast distance, of the almost Herculean fatigues to be undergone, of the icy barrier which the Rocky Mountains stretched across the track, as if to bar the progress of presumptuous man; and though I am no fainter of heart than my neighbors, I dare say my countenance expressed dismay and repugnance. Indeed, I am sure it did, for Mr. Hausermann groaned, and said, "Donner! what shall we to now?"

"Walford," said Mr. Spalding, "I don't wish to dissemble with you. I am asking you to incur the certainty of very great fatigue, hardship, and danger. I am asking you to risk life itself to save the honor of the house and that of my own family. I do not make such a request without proposing a proportionate reward— There, hear me out! I don't offer you money for such a service. Come back successful, and you shall be a partner in the house of Spalding and Hausermann; and if you and Emma are still of the same mind three months hence—"

I trembled with joy as I interrupted my employer. "I'll go, Sir, gladly and most willingly."

"That's a prave poy! I knew he would!" ejaculated the German; and the cashier rubbed his hands joyfully.

"When can you be ready to start?" asked Mr. Spalding.

"Directly. In half an hour, if you please."

"An hour will do," said Mr. Spalding, with a smile at my eagerness. "Bodesson shall be at the door by that time, with his carriage and his best horses. You must save your strength as much as you can for the prairie. You have a six-shooter, I know. Get ready what requisites for the journey will go into small compass. You shall have an ample supply of money—spend it freely, lavishly, and don't spare horse-flesh or gold upon the way. I would give half my fortune to place you speedily on the pavement of New York. You are an ambassador with full powers, George, and your own wit and courage must carry you through. Now, you had better prepare for the road."

I lingered.

"Any thing more to say?" asked the merchant, good-humoredly.

"If I could speak for a moment—just an instant—to Miss Spalding?"

"She is at her brother's bedside," replied the old man, hurriedly. "But—yes, you are right. You *shall* see her before you start."

I seemed to make but one step to the house where I lodged. I spent ten minutes in hastily arranging my belongings—and it is wonderful how much a man can condense into ten minutes when he is under the influence of strong excitement—charged my revolver, packed a few things in a small bag, and ran back like a greyhound. Mr. Spalding gave me some fuller instructions, and handed to me a heavy parcel of gold and silver, as well as a bundle of bank-notes. I was to keep the bank-paper until I reached the civilized world; in the desert my only hope would be to bribe in specie the half-tamed wanderers of the West. Mr. Spalding was still talking when Bodesson, one of the principal liverymen of San Francisco, drove his spanking pair of Spanish horses up to the door. Then the merchant went up stairs, and returned with his daughter. Dear Emma! she was pale, and thinner than of old, but her eyes were bright and loving, and her words, full of hope and constancy, gave me fresh courage, and a resolve to do or die. Our parting was very brief. A few hurried whispers—a hasty renewal of the old vows and troth-plight—and for a moment I caught her in my arms and kissed her cheek, and in the next I was gone. I sat by Bodesson's side; the whip cracked; off flew the foaming horses along the street; and I looked back and waved a farewell in answer to Mr. Spalding's waving hand and Emma's handkerchief. Then we turned the corner, and darted along the road.

Bodesson was well paid, and he kept the mettled horses at their work over many a mile of ground. I seemed to start cheerfully, and under good auspices. My heart was full of hope. The gay French Creole by my side was a merry companion; he sang Canadian songs, whistled, chirruped to the bounding bays, and chattered incessantly.

"Monsieur was going to the prairies! Ah, très bien! The prairies were ver intéressantes, ver moch so. But Monsieur must take care when he got there—must not stir from the protection of ze dragoons, or les sauvages, ze ferocious Indians, would carry off Monsieur's cheveux—what you call scalp!"

So the Frenchman prattled on. He believed I was going to Salt Lake City on business, and never doubted that I should voyage with a caravan under escort of the States dragoons. What would he have said had he known that I was to traverse that land of danger and hunger *alone?*

My journey to the eastern border of California was not remarkable enough to justify me in dwelling here on its details. Spending money freely, I was able to proceed almost entirely in wheeled carriages more or less rude, and I contrived to push along over sorry roads at a respectable pace. I slept in the vehicles during the dark hours, snatching a broken slumber as best I could in the midst of jolting and swaying. Sometimes even a bribe could not induce my Mexican or American drivers to risk the perils of a stony road at night, and then I recruited my strength by rest, but was always ready to start at cock-crow. I knew well what was before me, and that all the fatigue I endured was child's play to what was in store. I had been on the prairies before—those, at least, which lie east of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Spalding was well aware that I was a good horseman, expert in the use of fire-arms, and of a robust constitution. These are not the common attributes of a clerk, but I had not been bred to the desk. My father had been esteemed rich, till at his death, in embarrassed circumstances, I had been left to battle with poverty as I might; I had kept hunters at Oxford, and had been passionately fond of field-sports. I had kept up the habit of taking brisk exercise, and now I was about to find the benefit of trained muscles and robust health. I did not disguise from myself that I was embarking on an enterprise full of risks. I might starve in the desert, whitened as it was by the bones of many an emigrant. I might perish miserably in one of those fires that rush like flaming serpents through the boundless sea of grass. And if my scalp did not blacken in the smoke of some Indian wigwam, fever or sheer fatigue might make an end of my life and hopes at once. Or, I might reach New York too late. It was gall and wormwood to me to think that Joram Heckler was pressing on toward the North with all the speed of a fast steamer. The very thought made me bound and stamp my foot on the floor of the rude mail-cart, as if I could quicken my progress by such a gesture. How I prayed that contrary winds might delay the packet on its passage from Aspinwall to the Empire City!

I reached Carson City, on the border of the desert, and there I made a brief halt that I might prepare for the coming effort. I was perfectly well aware that the most dangerous and difficult part of the road was that lying between California and the Mormon settlements. Once beyond the Utah territory, I might well hope to escape the arrows and tomahawk of the savage. I found Carson full of returning emigrants, diggers going back with their pelf to the Atlantic States, Mormon converts and traders who had emptied their wagons in Californian markets. These good folks were all waiting for the regular escort of national dragoons, under whose guard they were to travel. It was impossible for me to move so slowly, and I accordingly bought a bag of sun-dried beef, another of parched corn, some blankets, and such matters, and a powerful horse handsomely accoutred with a bridle and saddle of Mexican make. I bought the latter from an American dealer, who was mightily tickled at the idea of my making my way alone over the prairies. "I give you credit for your grit, sartainly, mister," said he; "it is good, and no mistake; but I guess you'd better sleep upon the idea a few times more. Them Indian scalpers will lift your ha'r, sure as hogs yield bacon. Won't you believe me? Come along, then, and ax another man's opinion!" And he dragged me toward a sort of tavern, the porch of which was crowded by men and women, French, Spanish, German, Yankee, and mulatto, all of whom were gathered round a lathy, dark-haired young fellow in a trim half-military dress, that would have passed for that of a policeman but for the red flannel shirt and Mexican sombrero he wore. This man had keen mobile features, and was hardened by constant work and weather into little more than muscle and bone; he wore spurred boots and thick "savers," and was cracking a whip as he gayly chatted with the crowd, who laughed at his wit in a way that proved him a prime favorite. He was, in fact, one of the salaried riders of the "Pony Express," ready to start with the bag of dispatches the instant the courier from San Francisco should arrive with it.

"Yes, Colonel; yes, gals," I heard him say, "I'm downright sorry to leave, but duty is duty, ain't it? If the Indians don't rub me out—"

"Rub you out, Shem? Catch a racoon asleep!" cried one of the rider's admiring friends.

"Wa'al!" said Shem, with a modest voice, but a boastful twinkle in his restless eye, "the varmints have tried a time or two, but they've found Shem Grindrod rather a tough nut to crack, they have. When a chap's Kentucky bred, real, right down hickory, 'tain't so easy to lift his ha'r as— Service to ye, stranger!"

For his eye had lighted on me.

"Shem," cried the horse-dealer, "here's a gentleman wants to cross the parara, all alone, on hoss-back, Broadway fashion. What do *you* say to that?"

There was a general laugh. Shem took off his hat with mock respect.

"Whoop!" he cried. "If that ain't clear grit in the down-easter dandy! You'll see snakes, mister, I reckon. There's no accommodation for gen-teel persons, and you'll jest get your hoss stole, or chawed up by the wolves, and you'll lose yourself and die for want of a dinner, if you don't fall in with the Injuns—and if you do, Jehoshaphat!"

All this would have been provoking to some men, but I knew the American character too well to be out of temper. Shem evidently took me for a presumptuous townsman, plunging wantonly into the lion's mouth, and was good-naturedly discouraging my rashness. With some trouble I drew him apart, and commenced a private conversation. I told him that I was bound for the Eastern States; that my business was imperative, but that if he could help me I would pay him most liberally for the aid rendered. For I had formed a crude idea that if I could procure the privilege of using the relays of spare horses kept at the different stations on the route, for the use of the mail-bag riders, I might accomplish the most awkward part of the journey with great rapidity. Shem, however, though not ill-natured, dashed my hopes to the ground. Such a concession would be "agin all rule." The servants of the Express Company "darn't do it." It was not to be thought of. I must wait for the caravan.

I did not wait for the caravan, but set forth that very day. The people gave me a half ironical cheer as I rode out of the straggling street of Carson, but I saw the Yankee dealer shake his head and screw up the corners of his mouth, as if he considered me little better than a suicide.

There was no use in letting the grass grow under my feet, so I pushed briskly ahead. I was riding a powerful horse, one of those bred in Kentucky or Tennessee, and which will sell for a high price on the western border of prairieland. To find the way in broad daylight was easy. There was a broad track made by the passage of countless wagons and beasts of burden. I had a compass, but I really did not need it. I covered many a weary league of ground in the course of that day's ride. Here and there, among the forked streamlets which were feeders of the Carson, I came to farms where I easily procured corn for my horse and food for myself. I had come to two resolutions: one, to economize my little store of jerked beef as much as possible; the other, to refuse all hospitable proffers of whisky, being convinced that on water only could such trying work as that before me be accomplished. I kept on, with brief pauses through the day, and held to the track as long as the moonlight served me, urging on my flagging steed to the very limits of his strength. Then, in the dark, I dismounted, took off saddle and bridle, hobbled my horse, and tethered him so that he had ample space to graze. Then I lay down, wrapped in my blankets, pillowed my head upon my saddle, and fell asleep with my weapons by my side.

I awoke with a start, in the pitch dark night, and could not well remember where I was. My horse was uneasy, and his abrupt motions had disturbed me. I heard a rustling in the long grass, a scratching, a pawing of light feet among the herbage, and a whining sound as of hungry dogs whimpering for food. Dogs? There were no dogs there. Wolves! And my horse, on whose security my life might depend, was trembling and bathed in perspiration. I had kindled no fire, apprehensive lest the light should attract some band of prowling savages; and now the coyotes were gathering around us like flies about honey. For myself, I felt no fear: the wolf of America is very different from the "gray beast" of German forests or Pyrenean snows. But my poor nag was in danger, and his very tremors were adding perilously to the exhaustion of the long and hurried ride. I rose, and began groping about for brushwood. Luckily I was still in a well-watered region, where shrubs and undergrowth abounded, and where the gigantic cotton-wood trees reared their majestic forms beside the streamlets. I soon came upon a clump of brush, and cutting with my sharp and heavy knife as much as I could carry in both arms, I returned with it, and cleared a little space of the grass, which was long enough to be dangerous in the event of its catching fire. I then took out my tin box of lucifers, struck a light, and kindled a fire: though not very easily, for the heavy dew stood in great glistening beads on grass and shrub, and the moistened wood emitted many a cloud of pungent and dark smoke before I could coax the sullen embers to burst forth in the required blaze. All this time I had to give an occasional halloo, rattling a tin cup against the barrel of my revolver, for the purpose of intimidating the wolves; while it was necessary to pat and soothe by voice and hand the poor horse itself, which was tugging at the tethering-rope in a way that threatened to break it every instant. At last, to my great joy, the fire leaped up, red and cheery, its bright beams illumined a little radiant patch of prairie, and, hovering in the shadows on the edge of this illuminated spot, I saw the slinking coyotes, the smallest and most timid, but also the most cunning, variety of the wolf of America. Presently I flung a firebrand among the pack, and they vanished into the darkness, but for half an hour I could hear their howls of disappointment growing fainter and fainter as the distance increased. My horse was quieter after the disappearance of the wolves, and in about an hour I ventured to return to my blankets and my repose, after piling a fresh heap of brush on the steadily glowing fire. Not very long afterward a feeling of intense cold awoke me by slow degrees. I opened my eyes. The fire was low; its embers glowed crimson, fading gradually into blackness. Overhead was the dim sky, the vast host of stars having the peculiar pale and sickly hue which heralds the dawn. It was very cold. There was a rushing sound in the air, and the grass of the prairie was tossed to and fro in wild confusion; a strong wind was blowing—the norther. This was the first blast of the chilly north wind that annually sets in at the close of the unhealthy season in the South. It had a piercing

and glacial effect, coming, as it did, from the Polar ice-fields, and across the Rocky Mountain range; but I gladly hailed it, for I remembered that it would be dead against the mail steamer that was breasting the waters of the Mexican Gulf with Joram Heckler and his plunder on board. I might beat him yet!

But the wind increased in force; it was blowing like a hurricane, and I shivered in spite of my warm poncho and blankets. My horse had lain down, and was trembling with cold. I was obliged to spare him a blanket; he was a "States" horse, swifter, but not so hardy and useful for prairie travel as the mustangs of the plains. The wind did not diminish as the sun rose, red and angry, and a new cause of alarm began to haunt me. I had heard of travelers utterly weather-bound for days among the prairies, on account of the fury of the resistless wind. And time was so valuable to me! I felt sick at heart as the chilly hours of early morning crept on, and almost despaired of success. I was benumbed and stiff; the dew had been turned to icicles by the sudden cold; and now every waving blade of grass seemed crested with a diamond, glittering and flashing in the level sunshine. By nine o'clock the wind began to abate; it slackened very gradually, and at half past ten I considered that I might resume my journey. My breakfast was not a luxurious one; a mouthful of beef and parched maize, swallowed in the intervals of saddling my horse and rolling up my blankets. Then I drew up the iron peg to which the halter was attached, rolled up the halter, lasso fashion, at my saddle-bow, and mounted. I was less awkward in the everyday routine of prairie life than might be supposed. Years ago, before I entered Spalding and Hausermann's employ, I had spent some weeks in a frontier fort, as the guest of the officers of a United States Ranger regiment. I had accompanied my hosts on several hunts and scouting expeditions against hostile Indians, and had found some amusement in picketing my steed, lighting camp fires, and so forth: little dreaming that my whole earthly happiness would ever depend on my proficiency in such arts. As the sun rose in the pale blue sky nature assumed a more cheerful appearance; the icicles and hoar-frost melted, and the air became merely bracing and agreeable, as the bitter cold passed away. On we went, following the plain trail of the wagon trains, up and down the gently rolling slopes of the undulating prairie. I noticed with some dismay that my horse was no longer the mettled creature that had pranced so gayly out of Carson the day before. At first he certainly answered my voice and the pressure of my knee, by stepping out gallantly; but after a while he began to flag, bore heavily on the bit, and required a frequent touch of the spur. It was clear I had taxed his powers too severely on the previous day. He was going weakly under me, in a spiritless way that spoke volumes. What was I to do? I had plenty of money, but money can not prove a talisman in the wilderness. There was not a farm between the place where I stood and the Great Salt Lake itself. My only chance in procuring a remount lay in meeting some one who would sell me a steed, and this was far from a certainty. I was chewing the cud of bitter reflections when I heard the light tramp of a galloping horse behind me. Quickly I turned my head, and saw a booted rider dashing gayly along over the swells of the prairie; his trim coat, half opened, showed a red flannel shirt; and his Mexican sombrero was bound with a cord of tarnished gold. He had a revolving carbine pistol at his saddle-bow, and at his side hung from his shoulder-belt his leathern dispatch-bag. It was my acquaintance of yesterday—Shem Grindrod.

"Mornin', stranger!" he called out, cheerily; "I didn't skear you yesterday, it seems, by my yarns about Injuns. 'Twas Gospel truth, for all that. Camped out, I reckon? Your hoss does look a little the wuss for wear, mister, though. You've pushed him a goodish stretch, you have."

We rode on for some distance side by side. My poor horse was inspired to do his best by the presence of the other horse, and together we sped over the country: my steed trotting, Shem's mustang galloping, for Spanish-American horses have but one pace when urged beyond a walk. Shem was much more kind and even polite in his manner than on the previous day. He told me, bluntly, that he respected a fellow that proved himself a man, but that what he hated worse than copper-head snakes was a Broadway dandy giving himself adventurous airs. My horsemanship had won Shem's esteem, and he sympathized heartily with me when he saw that I was really bent on crossing the desert at any risk.

"Your hoss is a good bit of stuff, mister," said he, "but I'm afraid he's pretty nigh used up for one while. Now you listen to me. The best thing you can do is to buy a mustang fust chance you get. There'll be hunters passing south, and p'raps they'll trade. When you get right out among the plains, you stick to the trail well, and if a grass fire blinds it, you take your compass and bear up for east by north. Keep that pistol of yourn ready, and if you do see Injuns, keep cool. Don't waste a shot. Every round bit of lead is worth a life on the parara. Good-by, wish you luck!"

Shem headed his horse for one of the Express stations, a little lonely block-house, with a stockaded yard, which was garrisoned by a few of his comrades, and where a relay of fresh horses was kept. I looked wistfully at the block-house and the well-stocked corral, and then turned away with my tired steed to resume my weary travel. I knew that early in the afternoon I should reach another station of the same kind, and there I meant to apply for refreshment and shelter in case my horse should knock up altogether. Before I had gone a mile I saw my friend Shem, on a fresh steed, scouring the plain. He waved his hand, and gave me a cheer of recognition, and I looked after him enviously as he flew like an arrow up the slope, and vanished in the distance. By good luck, however, I almost instantly encountered a party of white men, the first travelers I had seen. These turned out to be three trappers returning from Oregon, with a fair stock of peltry loaded on two mules. They were all well-mounted on "Indian ponies," and one of them led by a lariat a powerful and shapely mustang, whose bright eye and wide nostrils matched well with his wiry limbs. He had been captured on the plains, not two months before, one of a wild herd; but he was sufficiently broken in to be useful in prairie fashion. I struck a bargain with the trapper, by which my exhausted but more valuable quadruped was bartered for the half-wild mustang; the trapper also receiving four gold eagles. The arrangement was mutually satisfactory, and as the tall Kentuckian helped me to shift my saddle and bridle to the spotted nag I had just acquired, I saw his eyes twinkle with self-congratulation.

"One word of advice, Colonel," said the trapper, as I placed the gold in his hard brown hand; "keep your eyes skinned as you go along, and don't let the cussed Redskins double upon you. There's Indian sign about, there is. I saw the print of a moccasin down yonder by the spring, where the Indians never come for any good, mister. You mind—Utahs ain't to be trusted, and Shoshonies are worse. As for Rapshoes, Heaven help you, Colonel, if they ketch you alone! There's Indians about. I smell 'em."

"I wish you'd got a good rifle on your shoulder, mister," said another, as I mounted; "six-shooters is very handy tools, but nothing sickens the Indians like a good five-foot bit of holler iron, that air true."

I took leave of these good fellows, who wished me a safe journey in the heartiest way, though evidently disbelieving in the likelihood that a "green-horn" could carry his property and scalp safe across the desert. The mustang was fresh, and darted along at that untiring though not very speedy gallop which animals of that hardy race can maintain for a very considerable time. We made capital progress: the country grew drier, and the grass shorter, and the swampy bottoms and trickling brooks were fewer. I met with no adventure, except that my new purchase put his foot into an outlying burrow, as we skirted a "village" of prairie dogs, and gave us both a roll on the turf; but we were unhurt, and I had luckily kept my grasp of the bridle, or I should have lost my horse. Once I thought I saw something hovering on the edge of the horizon, but whether savages, buffaloes, or wild horses, I could not determine. After riding several miles I came to a place where the trail dipped suddenly into a low tract of alluvial earth, intersected by a stream of some magnitude, and shaded by a belt of lofty cotton-wood trees. I traced here the fresh footprints of a horse, which must just have passed, for the bruised grass had but partially risen around the edges. "Crack, bang!" went the sharp report of fire-arms ringing from the thicket below, and with the reports mingled the horrid war-whoop of the savage. Grasping my pistol, I dashed in among the trees, and beheld poor Shem Grindrod, bleeding, reeling in his saddle, and beset by a party of six or seven Indians, mounted, and in their hideous panoply of war. Shem had been pierced by three arrows; he was fainting with loss of blood; but he fronted the savages boldly, and one Indian lay at his feet, rolling in the agonies of death. My arrival changed the current of the fight; two rounds from my revolver, the second of which laid low a muscular barbarian, smeared with yellow ochre, who was pressing on Shem with an uplifted tomahawk, sufficed for their discomfiture. Probably they took me for the advanced guard of a party of whites. At any rate, they fled at speed across the plain.

I was just in time to break Shem's fall, as the poor fellow dropped from his saddle, feebly murmuring, "Thank ye, mister. You've saved my scalp, any way, if 'twas just too late to save—" His voice was hushed here, and he fainted in my arms.

There was a metal flask of whisky dangling at the mail-bag rider's saddle-bow, along with his blanket and haversack; I hastily unscrewed the stopper, and contrived to force a few drops into the mouth of the wounded man. Then I tore my cravat into strips, and with it and my handkerchief tried to bind up the hurts Shem had received, after vainly attempting to withdraw the barbed arrows. Two of the injuries were mere flesh wounds, more painful than dangerous; but the third was of a serious character: the shaft was imbedded in Shem's side, though the hemorrhage was trifling in appearance when compared with the abundant flow of blood from the other injuries. In about a couple of minutes Shem revived sufficiently to look up. I was touched by the gratitude his eyes expressed. Probably, poor lad, he had received but a scanty share of kindness in his scrambling life.

"Do you suffer much pain from the arrow wounds?" I asked. "Take a drop more of the whisky; it will give you strength; and if I can once help you to proceed as far as the block-house—"

"'Tain't no manner of use, stranger, my duty to ye, all the same," replied the rider, after swallowing a small quantity of spirits. "I've got my finish at last. A chap that's fit in the border fights ever since he could squint along a gun don't need no doctor to tell him when he's got goss, *he* don't."

I could not disguise from myself that Shem was right. His face showed a ghastly change; it was ashen white, pinched, and thin; while the lips twitched, and the eyes had acquired that peculiar eager glance, and restless, craving brightness, which we never notice except in those over whom death hovers. But I tried to cheer the poor fellow; succeeded in stanching the blood that flowed from his arm, transpierced by two of the iron-tipped reeds; and begged him to keep up his hope and courage.

"'Tain't worth wasting words upon, mister," gasped Shem; "I knowed I'd my call: onst I felt the cold and the rankling pain that follered the smart of that cussed arrow in my ribs. I'm jest bleeding to death inwardly, I am, and all the surgeon chaps in the States couldn't help me, no, nor yet the cleverest bone-setter in the pararas. But you cheated the curs out of my scalp, stranger. They had a hanker to get this child's ha'r, they had, to dance round in their darned village, them Shoshonies. My! How the squaws will jeer and mock 'em when they go back empty-fisted, and leavin' two of the pack behind 'em too!" And Shem, with death in his face and at his heart, actually laughed. He had to catch painfully at his breath before he spoke again. "Stranger, it's an ill wind blows nobody any good. You hark to me. What I couldn't give you, nouther for dollars nor axin', you'll get now. Go on to the station; take this here mail-bag along; give it 'em, and tell 'em the rights of what's chanced. They'll turn out fast enough, I'll warrant, and they'll put me under the turf afore the wolves pick my bones. And another rider must go on with the bag. And tell 'em 'twere my dyin' wish they'd give you a fresh hoss at each block, and so let you go with the rider and push ahead. The Co. won't be riled at the breach of rules—seein' you saved the bag, let alone my scalp, and—"

He broke down here. I was quite melted at the unselfish thoughtfulness of this poor dying creature, this untaught, half-wild frontiers-man, who could care for my speedy journey while his own vital breath was trembling on his livid lips. I gave him a third sup of whisky, begging him to let me know if I could communicate his last wishes to any distant friend or relation?

"There a gal that lives to Hampton Town," said Shem, almost in a whisper, "the darter of a dealer that trades in mules, she be; and Ruth and I—Oh, 'tis a pity the wedding-day were put off, cause the Co. gives pensions to wives, but none to sweet-hearts, and Ruth's father met with misfortins in trade, and she'd ha' been glad of a few dollars a year, poor thing!"

I asked his sweet-heart's name, for, as I assured him, I felt certain that the house of Spalding and Hausermann would befriend her for his sake, if through the service I had rendered Shem I were really enabled to do my errand with a success otherwise unattainable.

"Ruth Moss," said Shem, in his weak voice; "that's her surname and given name. She's a good girl, pretty and good, is Ruth, and only too tender a flower for a rough borderman like me; goes to chapel reg'lar, and writes like a print book."

He then begged that I would send to Ruth a certain knot of ribbon which he had received from her as a keepsake, or merely snatched in a lover's whim I do not know which; at any rate, I found it carefully wrapped in deer-skin, in the bosom of his dress, but ah! with a deep dark stain of blood marring the gay blue of the silk. The arrow had passed nearly through that humble love-token. Shem further prayed me that, as I passed by the Round Pond Station, between Fort Bridge and Red Creek, I would tell his old father, Amos Grindrod, that he, Shem, had "died like a man."

"The old man 'll be cut up, I'm afraid," murmured Shem, whose eyes were getting dim; "but he'll be glad to know my ha'r warn't lifted. Tell him I were wiped out by the band of Mad Buffalo, the Shoshonie. 'Twar Mad Buffalo hisself that sent the arrow through me just as I kivered him with the carbine. The skunk! Many a noggin of drink I've given him when he come tradin' to the fort. But there war a grudge atween him and me, and he's ped it; but let him mind how he ever comes within range of old Amos Grindrod's rifle!"

Shem was anxious to know whether the Indian I had shot was quite dead, and what painted device his half-naked body bore. His own glazing eyes could not distinguish; but when I described the yellow ochre barred with white, he said it must be the "Little Owl," one of Mad Buffalo's best warriors. The other Indian was of slighter make, and daubed with black and vermilion. Both were stone dead. Shem asked me, half timidly, if I would be so good as repeat "a bit of Scripture." He had not been much of a chapel-goer, but Ruth had "got religion," and his mother too had been "a Christian woman," as he quaintly observed. I knelt beside him, and held up his head as I uttered aloud the words of a brief and simple prayer, such as little children are taught to lisp with their innocent lips; and once or twice I heard the husky tones of the dying man repeat the words. But there was a strong shiver through his frame, and poor Shem Grindrod was dead before the prayer was prayed out.

About an hour later I rode up to the station, mounted on my own horse, and leading Shem's by the bridle.

"Halloa! pull up, pull up, or I'll plug ye, sure as my name's Bradshaw!" shouted a stern voice through a loop-hole of the lonely block-house. And I saw the long clouded barrel of a frontier rifle pointing in my direction. I halted, of course.

"That's one of our hosses!" cried a second voice; "the critter's stole it, I reckon. What is he?"

"I am a friend," I called out; "a traveler from California. Let me come in, and I will explain all."

The garrison held a short but animated debate. One man avowed his belief in the truth of my story, another broadly hinted that I might turn out a "renegade" or "white Indian;" that I merely wanted to open the doors of the fortress to my ferocious allies, ambushed somewhere hard by, and that it would be as well to shoot me, as a provisional act of prudence. But the majority carries the day in America; and, luckily for me, the majority decreed my admission. Loud was the surprise, and sincere the sorrow, with which the little garrison received the news of their comrade's murder. Three of the men caught up such rude tools as they possessed, and, slinging their rifles, prepared to take the "back trail" to the spot where the unfortunate young man's body lay, and where his remains would be hastily laid in earth, after the custom of the frontiers. Another hurried, with all the instinct of discipline, to saddle a horse for the purpose of carrying forward the mail-bag which poor Shem had resigned only with his life. This rider was the most affected of the group by the melancholy tidings I had brought. He would have preferred to be one of those who were to lay his old associate beneath the prairie turf, but this could not be. He was "next for duty," he said, simply, with tears standing in his hardy eyes. So he hurried to equip himself and steed for the perilous road. I now ventured, rather timidly and awkwardly, to prefer my request for the accommodation of fresh relays of horses along the rest of the route, speaking as modestly as I could of my own preservation of the dispatches. The men looked puzzled as they scrutinized me and weighed my demand. One of them—he who had taken me for a renegade white in the Indian interest—gave me a piercing glance, and gruffly said, "How do we know he ain't been bamfoozling us with a pack of lies? He may have murdered Shem, ye see, jest to get a remount, and—"

"*You* jest shut up!" thundered, in tones of deep indignation, the rider who was to carry on the mails. "You oughter to be ashamed of that tongue o' yourn, Jethro Summers. Here's a gentleman, and, what's more, an honest chap, has fit by poor Shem's side, has saved his scalp from them Shoshonies, and brought on the bag for us, and you're to insult him with your mean talk. See! his hoss is fresh, and he's brought in Shem's hoss; and you to go telling him he'd murder a white Christian to get a lift. It's a burnin' shame, Jeth Summers!"

"'Tis, 'tis!" exclaimed the other two men. "Did ye ever know a darned renegade look a chap in the face, bold and honest, like the Colonel there? He's a good chap, is mister; and if ever he wants a friend in a rough-and-tumble fight, we're his men, sure as minks can swim."

The trio shook hands with me with genuine warmth. Now, when the iron was hot, was the time to strike. I therefore made an energetic appeal to them to supply me with horses, assuring them that my whole prospects and happiness, as well as those of others, depended on my speed. They listened with interest; but when I concluded with the words, "Shem Grindrod wished it; he bade me ask it of you, as he lay dying," the game was won. To be sure, the one ill-conditioned member of the community grumbled out something about "soft sawder, breach of rules, cunning Yankees, and dismissal." But the tall rider cut him short, by affirming with an oath that "if the Co. chose to ride nasty on such a point, after the stranger's services, why the Co. was a mean scamp, and he wouldn't serve 'em, for one."

I did not at first exactly comprehend this frequently-recurring phrase of the "Co.," and was disposed to regard it as the name of some overlooker, or superintendent, but afterward discovered that this monosyllabic impersonation meant the Express Company.

"Look sharp, mister. You shall have a mount, but there's time lost a'ready, and we shall have to ride whip and spur. Come and pick a nag out of the corral. There's a brindled mustang your saddle will fit like his skin. The roan's best, but his back's rubbed raw. Ask Jonas to give you some beef and biscuit: we sha'n't pass many hot-els, that air positive. Charge that revolver o' yourn, Colonel; I see two bullets a-missing. Have a horn of whisky—old Monongahela? No! Do be spry with the saddle, you Jeth—a man should help in a case like this. Easy, mister, with the bridle—the mustang bites—so! We'll take care of your nag, and you'll find him as sleek as a slug if you come back our way. Good-by, boys!"

So saying, the impatient rider finished his preparations, sprang to his saddle, waved his repeating carbine over his head, and set off at furious speed. I followed as rapidly as I could, shouting a farewell to those left behind, who were on the point of starting for the place where poor Shem was lying beside the corpses of his copper-hued foes, stiff and stark.

The brindled mustang was fat and lazy, compared with the nimble cream-colored pony on which my guide was mounted. It took all my exertions to overtake 'Demus Blake, whose name was probably Aristodemus, though thus curtailed by usage. We rode at a tremendous pace.

"Larrup your beast, Colonel," cried the rider, "we're woeful behind. Don't be stingy with the spur-iron, for that brindle does allays shirk when he can. Mind—'ware the sappy ground, where you see them clubby mosses! Jordan! they'd take a hoss up to the girths, and there you'd stop like a tree'd coon. Push on, Sir. Rattle him across them riv'lets: not that a parara hoss can jump like the critters from the U-nited States."

It struck me that 'Demus Blake was bawling and flogging in this excited way for no other purpose than to quiet his own nerves and drown care. I was confirmed in this view by the fact that, after six or seven miles had been swallowed up by the rapid career of our foam-flecked steeds, the rider reined his horse into a steady hand-gallop.

"There, mister," said he, "we'll go quiet now. I feels kiender easier under my left ribs. Tell'ee, Colonel, little as you think it, to look at such as me, I was as near making the biggest baby of myself—there, I was! Poor boy Shem! I knowed him, Sir, oncommon well, and oncommon long. We played about together, when we were as high as a ramrod, in Pequottie village, nigh to Utica, in old Kentuck. And when old Amos and my daddy, Jonathan Blake, calculated to move West, they chose the same location. Sad news for old Amos—a white-haired old chap now, but pretty tough, too. He's at Brown's Hole—no, at Round Pond—trading for peltry. I wouldn't care to have the tellin' on him."

The rider was silent for a good while after this. He did not speak again till I paid a merited tribute to Shem's courage. I had found him, I said, fronting seven Indians like a stag at bay. The frontiers-man's eye glittered proudly:

"A brave boy, Sir. I was with him, first fight—that is, Shem's first, cause I'm two year an older man. 'Twarn't hereaway. South of Frémont's Pass it wur, and bloody Blackfoot Indians war the inimy, three to one, on'y they'd no fire-arms. 'Twarn't child's play that day, mister!" The backwoodsman expanded his broad chest, while his nostrils dilated, and his lips tightened, as he recalled the arduous struggle long past.

He was a much stronger man than Shem, of a spirit less gay and lightsome, but not without a certain amount of rude practical poetry in his disposition. He knew Shem's sweet-heart: a very nice-looking girl, of rather a quiet, subdued, and pious nature. "Not too common on the border, nouther, where even gals mostly has a spice of the wild-cat, but, mebbe, that pleased Shem."

Of the distress in store for old Amos Grindrod—a hunter once renowned for his prowess and skill, whether in warfare or the chase—Blake spoke feelingly and with deep conviction.

"'Twill shorten the old man's days, Sir, but it's lucky the old woman's not alive to hear it: she was that tender of Shem, if his finger ached she'd flutter like a robbed hen. Good old soul she was, Mrs. Grindrod, and nursed my old mother when she took the fever in that murderin' swamp."

Honest 'Demus had too much innate good-breeding to be inquisitive as to the purport of my unusual journey. In this respect, as in some others, he far surpassed in tact and politeness many an accomplished citizen in varnished boots and satin vest. But he offered me some well-meant advice.

"Take it coolly," said he, "and don't flurry yourself, Colonel. You've got more color in your cheeks than need be, and your hand was as hot, when I shook it, as a bit of deer-meat toastin' over the fire. I don't know as you ain't right, shirking the whisky, though 'tis food and comfort to such as me. But a smart touch of fever would tie you by the leg, stranger, so don't fret overly, and sleep all you can. As for Injuns, they'll hardly trouble *two* white men, when there's nouthin' to be got but a kipple of nags that can be bought for a cast of the lasso, or larist. The emigrant trains is different, for the Red devils scent plunder in the wagons, and only the dragoons skear 'em. 'Twar spite med the Mad Buffalo fall on Shem Grindrod. Shem give him a coat o' tar and turkey feathers one night, at Bridger's Fort, when the Injun got so drunk with whisky some rascal sold him, he lay like a hog on the ground. They never forgive, them Injuns. Shoshonies have no pity, compared to the savages east of the Rocky Mountains. Keep a look-out for outlying war parties, mister, when you get to the mountain parks. Crows will take hoss and clothes; Blackfeet allays hanker arter ha'r!"

I took my guide's well-meant advice, and endeavored to get through the journey as phlegmatically as might be. I snatched every opportunity of repose, if only for a few minutes, while the reeking saddles were being shifted to the backs of fresh horses; and it is wonderful how much refreshment I at times derived from a nap so brief as not much to exceed the traditional "forty winks." More than once my companion said to me, "Colonel, you're about dropping with sleep. Shut your eyes, if you like, and give me your reins. I'll guide both hosses, and you can't hardly roll out of that cradle o' yourn." And, indeed, the deep Mexican saddle of demipique cut, which I had luckily provided on starting, was admirably adapted, with its lofty pommel and cantel, to the use of a dozing equestrian. Curious spells of slum-

ber those were, when my head would nod like that of a porcelain mandarin, and my eyelids droop as if weighted with lead, and when, after a few minutes, I would start up, broad awake, as my mustang stumbled over broken ground. Once—it was while 'Demus Blake was still with me—I had a long and most delicious period of slumber, uninterrupted by jerks or concussions; and when I awoke quite a new man, and revived to an extent at which I now wonder, I found myself supported by the strong patient arm of my conductor, who had been galloping by my side for miles, managing both bridles with his disengaged hand. "I thought it would fresh you up, Colonel!" said the brave fellow.

Not all my mentors throughout that phantom ride across prairieland were as frank as Blake, nor as merry as Shem. But the mail-bag riders turned out good fellows in all main points, and I can safely say that I found but two or three surly or ill-natured persons among all those who garrisoned the block-houses; while fortunately it fell to my lot on no occasion to be accompanied by one of these. In the prairie, as in the world at large, I found good-feeling the rule, cynicism or malice the exception, though I am bound to say that the ill-conditioned individuals made twice as much noise and stir as their more amiable mates. The first start had been difficult, but at each succeeding station I received my remount without much delay or parley. The "privilege of the post" was conceded to me, while I was always welcome to a share of the rations in each little community. On the whole, I found the men cheerful in their strange isolation. They were liberally paid and not ill-fed, and they looked forward to a pension in the event of becoming crippled by some Indian hatchet-stroke or arrow-shot. Planted in the wilderness, with the prospect of being presently encompassed by deep drifts of snow, over whose frozen surface the wolves would come to howl and scratch at their doors, like dogs seeking admittance, they were in fair spirits and undismayed. Their habitual talk was of the wild adventures that formed the everyday life of that frontier of Christendom; of Indian stratagems and cruelty, of panthers and "grizzlies," pronghorns and buffaloes. Several of them had consorted familiarly with the painted tribes of the desert, and spoke sundry Indian dialects as fluently as their mother tongue. I found these hardy men kind hosts enough; they would hush their talk, not to disturb me as I lay down on a heap of skins and blankets to sleep, while the guide saddled the horses: and they soon ceased to ridicule my apparently capricious refusal of whisky. "Mebbe the Colonel's right"—Colonel is the Western title of courtesy—they would say in their blunt politeness. Once I found the inmates of a station, built on swampy ground, quite helpless and prostrate with fever. The fever had abated when the healthy norther began to blow, but the poor fellows were cramped with pains and very feeble, and only one of the party could crawl about to cook and feed the fire. I had need to fix my mind on the reward of success, on the distant goal glittering far ahead, for it was no light task that I had undertaken. The thought of Emma nerved me, and I felt an Englishman's dogged resolve to win, to fight on, and to break sooner than bend. But the fatigues of that journey surpassed all my conceptions. By day and night, under a glaring sun or through the frost and cutting northerly winds, on we pressed, fording streams, threading the way through marshes, stumbling among the burrows of prairie dogs, or dashing across boundless plains. I almost learned to hate the long terraces of turf, the illimitable sweeps of dark-green surface, the blue horizons, the swells of gently sloping earth, smooth enough for the passage of wheeled carriages. On we went, till the long grass, mixed with flowers and wild tufts of the flax-cotton, gave place to a shorter and crisper herbage, the true "buffalo grass" that the bisons love; or till water became scarce, and the sage plant replaced the blossomed shrubs of the west, and the springs were brackish, and here and there our horses' hoofs went cranching over a white stretch of desert, strewn with crystals of salt that glittered in the sun. We saw little of Indians, and of game still less. The latter, my guides told me, had been chiefly scared away by the constant passage of emigrants. As for the savages, we sometimes saw the plumed heads, the tapering lances, and the fluttering robes of a troop of wild horsemen against the crimson sky of evening; but they offered us no molestation, and the riders said they were Utahs on the look-out for "buffler droves" returning from the south. Of the fatigue of that interminable ride, the aching joints, the stiffened sinews, the pains that racked my overstrained muscles, I can give no just idea. Still less can I convey any sense of the continual strain upon the intellect and the perceptive faculties, or how my brain grew as weary as my limbs.

I shall never forget the evening of my arrival in Salt Lake City, the capital of Utah Territory, and New Jerusalem of the Mormons. I had been encouraged by the guides to look upon this town in the deserts as a turning-point in the journey, beyond which I should be in less peril from Indians, and after which a comparatively short ride would carry me to more civilized regions. But, to my surprise, I found the inmates of the station at Salt Lake City quite as lonely as, and more suspicious and moody than, in the far-off posts among the prairies. They were Gentiles in the midst of a fanatic population, wholly swayed by the hierarchy of that strange creed whose standard had been set up in the lawless wastes of the West. Nor was it long before I heard the cause of their dark looks and low spirits.

"Where's Josh Hudson?" asked the rider who had come with me, when the first greetings had been exchanged.

"Who knows?" answered the man addressed; "*I* don't. Seth said he went to the town, while I were in the corral with the hosses. If so, all I can say is, he never come back."

"When was that, Seth?" asked the newly-arrived rider.

"Two days agone," answered Seth, as he scraped the surface of a half-exhausted quid of tobacco with his long sharp bowie-knife, "jest afore sundown."

"He's not desarted. Josh was too honorable to make tracks that way," said the rider, confidently.

"Desarted! Not he. But that's what'll have to be put in the report—leastways, missin'," said Seth.

The rider looked Seth in the face, and drew his forefinger, with a meaning look, slowly across his own throat. Seth nodded.

"Least said, safest," said Seth, looking dubiously at me.

"Colonel's safe. You may speak afore him, same as myself, boys!" cried the mail-bag rider, who had come with me; "do ye mean them blood-thirsty Mormons—?"

"Whist, Jem! Whew! You'll get all our throats cut," cried the oldest man, starting up in great alarm; "there may be one of the brutes within ear-shot." He looked through the window, and opened the door, to satisfy himself that no eaves-droppers were near.

"I forgot," apologized Jem; "but about Josh Hudson?"

"I'm afeard," answered Seth, in a voice dropped almost to a whisper, "that he's gone for good. Josh was troubled about his sister, Nell Hudson, that jined the Mormons last winter, up in Illinoy, and was coaxed off, and is here, somewhere."

"Ah," said the listener, "I heerd as much."

"It's my belief," continued Seth, "that Josh got on this station a purpose to seek the gal out, and get her to go home to the old folks and the Church she were bred in. Mormons won't stand that."

"Ah!" said the guide Jem again.

"So, in short, Seth and me some think, we do," said the oldest of the group, "that Josh has been at his scoutin' onst too often, and met 'shanpip.'"

"Shanpip!" I repeated; "what is that?"

The man eyed me curiously. "Never heerd of 'Shanpip Brethren,' then, harn't ye, mister? So much the best for you. P'raps you've heerd tell of Danites?"

I *had* heard, vaguely and obscurely, of that spiritual police of Mormondom, of those fierce zealots who obey their Prophet blindly.

"Then you have reason to fear that your comrade is—"

"Is lyin' under the salt mud of one o' them briny pools nigh to hand," interrupted the man, "and not alone, neuther. Theer's been a many missin', that never went back to settlements nor on to Californey. And theer they'll lie hid, I reckon, till the Day of Judgment, when Great Salt Lake shall give up its dead, like the rest of the airth and waters."

I asked if an appeal could not be made to the Mormon elders themselves?

"'Twouldn't answer, Colonel. Suppose I goes to-morrow to Brigham's own house, or Kimball's, or any of their big men—elders, or angels, or high-priests, or what not—and asks after Josh Hudson. Brigham's very mealy-mouthed, afraid the man's run away; what could be expected from a be-nighted Gentile, and that; gives his own account of it in preachment next Sabbath. P'raps one of 'em gives me a glass of wine or a julep, and mebbe it disagrees with me, and I die of it. You may stare, but didn't the States Treasurer die that way, arter takin' refreshment at Angel Badger's house? And a pretty angel *he* be. P'raps I don't drink under a Mormon roof, and then, mebbe, I walk home late, and lose my way, or some other accident happens me—true as death, mister, on'y last week, as I passed Big Lick, I saw a dead woman's face looking up at me, all white and still, at bottom of the salt pool."

Thus far the elder man had spoken, but now Seth, who had evinced great uneasiness, jumped up with an oath, and cautiously opened the door. No one was listening.

"Tell'ee what," said Seth, "we'd best keep this discoorse close till we're outside the territory. They're that sharp, Mormons, blessed if I don't think they're all ear. And if they get's a notion what we're sayin', the Colonel won't never see New York, and I sha'n't never happen home to Montgomery agin. Indian Walker and his pesky Utahs mostly got a knack of tomahawking them as Mormons don't much like. And mebbe we'd meet other Indians, with blankets and red paint on their faces, jest like the real Utahs, and pretty sharp knives in their belts."

"Seth's right," said my former guide; "we don't want to set up any chaps to paint Injun on our account, as Angel Brown and Young Harris and the Danites did, when Martha Styles and Rachel Willis chose to go home to Illinoy—so, Colonel, you get a snooze, and Seth, you needn't hurry about saddlin'—we've rode awful quick."

I was not sorry when day-dawn found me, after a hard gallop by moonlight, approaching the confines of the Mormon territory. The rest of the journey was unmarked by adventure. Hardships there were, but no great perils. We traversed a route on which the bleached bones of many horses and mules lay white and ghastly, and on which many a low turfen mound marked the last resting-place of an emigrant, or his wife or child, never to reach the Promised Land of Hope.

But provisions were more plentiful now, and water more regularly stored and easy of access, than when the expelled Mormons made their famous march across the desert, marking the untrodden route with graves. We narrowly escaped being smothered in the snow, in passing the outlet in the Rocky Mountains, and this was our last semblance of peril.

Previous to this, it had been my sad duty to tell old Amos Grindrod, whom I found at the Round Pond Station, of his son's death, and to commit to his care the bit of ensanguined ribbon that was to be returned to poor Shem's sweet-heart. The old man tried to bear the tidings with the stoicism of those Indians among whom he had passed much of his life, and expressed great pleasure at hearing that Shem had "died like a Kentucky man, clear grit," and that I had come up in time to save his scalp. But in a few minutes nature conquered. The old man's bronzed features worked and twitched, and tears trickled from his aged eyes as he sobbed out, "Shem! dear boy Shem! 'twas I that oughter be dead, not he."

At last the weary ride was over: we had passed outlying farms guarded by a strong stockade, then the farms grew thicker and the stockades were dispensed with, and at last the roofs of a village, called by courtesy a town, came in view. Gladly did I dismount, gladly did I shake the hard hand of the last rider of the Express Company! Leaving that honest fellow puzzling over the cabalistic flourishes of a ten-dollar note I presented to him, I hired a pair-horse wagon of light build, and set off at once. The wagon bore me on until I exchanged it for a coach, the coach did me the same good office until I heard the snort of the steam-horse, and took my ticket by railway. How delicious, how snug and luxurious was such a mode of travel, after so much hard saddle-work! Corduroy roads seemed smooth, and American railroads not in the least addicted to cause the trains to jerk or rock. The gliding motion was charming, and I made amends for lost time, by sleeping in a manner which provoked more than one fellow-traveler, eager to know my business and station in life.

I had already telegraphed to New York briefly thus:

"Has the California mail, *via* Panama, arrived?"

Briefer still was the answer:

"No."

That was right, so far. My toil was not yet purposeless. I might hope to be in New York before Dr., or Colonel, Joram Heckler. The victory, to be sure, was not yet won. The valuable papers remained in the scoundrel's keeping. But my presence in New York would be unsuspected by him, and any overt act on my part would have the effect of a surprise. I was too exhausted to devote myself to spinning air-drawn schemes for outwitting the intriguer. I should have need of all my faculties when the tug of war began, and I must sleep now. Sleep I did, over miles and miles, over leagues and leagues, of the iron way: resting obstinately, and being as passive as possible.

"Massa get out? Dis New York, Sare."

Some one was shaking me by the arm: some one else held a lantern to my face. A black man and a white. The conductor and a negro porter.

"I'm going to the Metropolitan Hotel. I want a hack: no luggage. Has the Californian mail arrived?"

"Yes, it has," said a news-vender, who stood by, with a heap of journals under his arm; "got all the news here. *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Times*. Which will you have?"

I bought one of the papers, and glanced at the list of arrivals *via* Panama. So much gold dust, so much bullion, distinguished European traveler, Postmaster-general, Signora Cantatini, Colonels Tom, Heckler, etc. The driver of the hack-carriage was an Irishman, as usual, and, luckily, not a new arrival. He readily conducted me (at that late hour all other stores and shops were closed) to the emporium of a Jew dealer in ready-made clothes, who was willing to turn a cent even at irregular time. I purchased a new suit, linen, a portmanteau, and so forth, and shaved off my stubbly beard with razors supplied by the Jew, and before the Jew's private looking-glass. My driver drove quite a trim, ordinary-looking gentleman to the Metropolitan Hotel, instead of the shaggy, flannel-shirted Californian who had first engaged him.

Before I engaged a room I civilly asked the book-keeper to let me look at the addresses of guests: I was expecting my brother, I said, from Albany. I took good care to say nothing of Heckler or California, and the book-keeper had no suspicion that my voyages had commenced at any more remote spot than Philadelphia or Baltimore. Yes—Heckler's name was down.

I had guessed he would put up at the Metropolitan, for I had heard him mention the house approvingly in conversation. I hung about the bar and the staircases until I happened to hear that he had gone to bed. Then I withdrew to think over my own plan of operations. I own I was puzzled. I tossed and tumbled uneasily on my pillow. While hurrying onward it had appeared as if I had but to arrive in time, and the difficulty was at an end; but now, what was I to do? The battle had yet to be fought. What *should* I do? In the morning, no doubt, Heckler would repair to the bank, to present the forged check, if not to get the bills discounted. I must stop him. But how? Should I go to the police, and return with the police myrmidons? Not to be thought of! Scandal, exposure, must follow such a step; nay, in the eyes of the law Heckler might seem an innocent man, and I a false accuser. I next thought of confronting him boldly, and forcing from him, with a pistol at his head, if need be, the property of the firm. But this was too Quixotic a proceeding to be adopted in a first-rate hotel in New York. I was at my wit's end.

Heavens! What a smell of burning, and how stifling and thick the air! Smoke! The house is on fire. Up I sprang, and flung on my clothes in hot haste. "It's an ill wind that blows no one any good." I thought of Joram Heckler as I rang my bell to alarm the people.

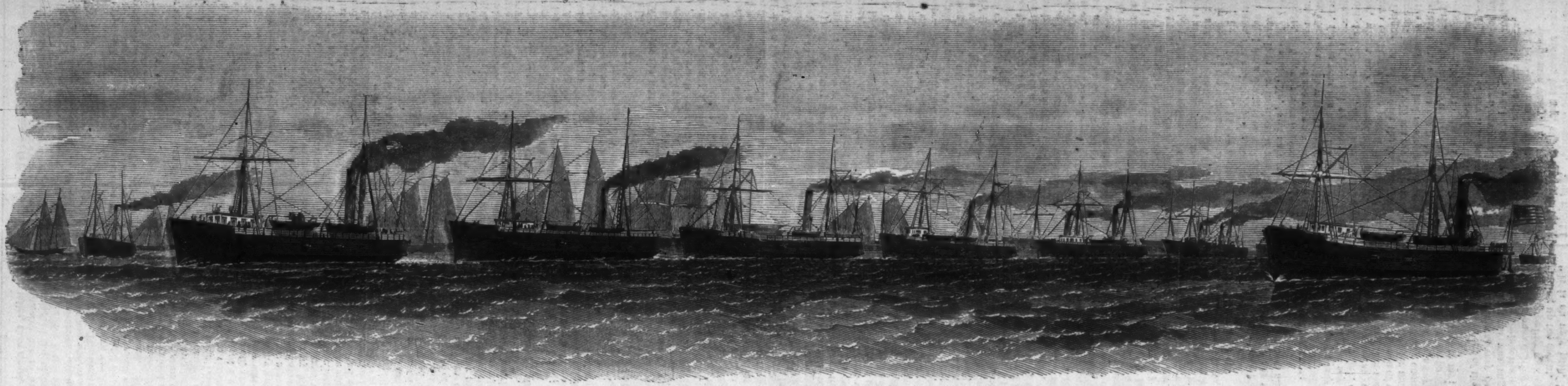
"Fire! fire!" The awful cry broke upon the ears of the sleepers like the tramp of doom. Dark clouds of volleying smoke poured along the corridors, flecked here and there by thin ribbons of flame that licked the walls and floors like the tongues of fiery serpents. Shrieks were heard; doors were burst open; men, women, children, rushed out, half-dressed and screaming. There was panic, terror, and wild confusion. The fire gained ground, the smoke was blindingly thick, and all fled before it—all but myself. I steadily groped my way toward Joram Heckler's room. I knew the number, and where to find it. I knew that I risked my life, but the stake was worth winning at such a risk. I was very nearly suffocated as I pushed on, holding by the wall, into the thickest of the smoke. Some man, half-dressed, and winged by fear, came rushing by with extended arms, and nearly overturned me. He uttered a savage oath; the red glare of the fire fell on his face; it was Joram Heckler.

He did not recognize me, but dashed on, only mindful of his danger. Had he the papers with him? I thought not. I hoped not. That was *his* room then, the door of which was ajar, and into which the smoke was rolling. Not the smoke alone; I saw a thin red tongue of fire creeping in over the floor, beside the wainscot. I dashed in. My eyes smarted with the smoke, and I gasped for breath, but smoke and fire could not turn me now. Heckler's clothes and dressing-case were as he had laid them; the latter was open: no papers! His valise, too, lay open: no papers! I struck my forehead despairingly. He had them about him then! I was risking life idly. Emma was lost to me! The smoke choked me: the intolerably hot fire had gained the bed: valance and curtains were flaring high in a tall yellow pillar of flame. The subtle tongues of flame almost touched my feet. I must fly if I would not perish. Outside I heard the noise of the engines and the cheers of the mob, and then the dash of water, as prodigious efforts were made to extinguish the fire.

I was staggering away when I saw, peeping from under the bolster of the bed, a Russia-leather pocket-book. The rascal had forgotten it in his blind terror. The blazing curtains fell in fragments upon me, and my hands were a good deal scorched, but I rescued the precious prize. I tore it open. Yes, check and bills, all were there! Thrusting it into my breast-pocket, I left the room, and struggled as I best could down the passage. Dash after dash of water, flung from hand-buckets, had partially subdued the flames, and the firemen were gaining the victory. Half smothered, singed, blackened, but with a proudly-beating heart, I forced my way down the heated and crowded staircase—reached the outer air, and fainted.

I have little more to tell. I am a partner in the firm: Emma is my wife; her brother recovered from his illness, and is now, in another land, an altered and penitent man. The house of Spalding, Hausermann, and Co. (I am Co.) have granted a pension to the poor girl who was to have been the bride of the luckless Shem Grindrod. Of Heckler we heard no more.

GREEN RIVER BRIDGE, KENTUCKY.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 2.]




GENL. BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

# A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

## CHAPTER LV.

It seemed incredible that Lilian could go far without being observed. I soon ascertained that she had not gone away by the railway—by any public conveyance—had hired no carriage; she must, therefore, be still in the town, or have left it on foot. The greater part of the day was consumed in unsuccessful inquiries, and faint hopes that she would return; meanwhile, the news of her disappearance had spread: how could such news fail to do so?

An acquaintance of mine met me under the archway of Monks' Gate. He wrung my hand, and looked at me with great compassion.

"I fear," said he, "that we were all deceived in that young Margrave. He seemed so well conducted, in spite of his lively manners. But—"

"But what?"

"Mrs. Ashleigh was, perhaps, imprudent to admit him into her house so familiarly. He was certainly very handsome. Young ladies will be romantic."

"How dare you, Sir!" I cried, choked with rage. "And without any coloring to so calumnious a suggestion! Margrave has not been in the town for many days. No one knows even where he is."

"Oh yes, it is known where he is. He wrote to order the effects which he had left here to be sent to Penrith."

"When?"

"The letter arrived the day before yesterday. I happened to be calling at the house where he last lodged when at L——, the house opposite Mrs. Ashleigh's garden. No doubt the servants in both houses gossip with each other. Miss Ashleigh could scarcely fail to hear of Mr. Margrave's address from her maid; and since servants will exchange gossip, they may also convey letters. Pardon me, you know I am your friend."

"Not from the moment you breathe a word against my betrothed wife," said I, fiercely.

I wrenched myself from the clasp of the man's hand, but his words rang still in my ears. I mounted my horse; I rode into the adjoining suburbs, the neighboring villages; there, however, I learned nothing till just at nightfall. In a hamlet, about ten miles from L——, a laborer declared he had seen a young lady dressed as I described, who passed by him in a path through the fields a little before noon; that he was surprised to see one so young, so well dressed, and a stranger to the neighborhood (for he knew by sight the ladies of the few families scattered round) walking alone; that as he stepped out of the path to make way for her, he looked hard into her face, and she did not heed him—seemed to gaze, right before, into space. If her expression had been less quiet and gentle, he should have thought, he could scarcely say why, that she was not quite right in her mind—there was a strange unconscious stare in her eyes, as if she were walking in her sleep. Her pace was very steady—neither quick nor slow. He had watched her till she passed out of sight, amidst a wood through which the path wound its way to a village at some distance.

I followed up this clew. I arrived at the village to which my informant directed me, but night had set in. Most of the houses were closed, so I could glean no further information from the cottages or at the inn. But the police superintendent of the district lived in the village, and to him I gave instructions which I had not given, and indeed would have been disinclined to give, to the police at L——. He was intelligent and kindly; he promised to communicate at once with the different police-stations for miles round, and with all delicacy and privacy. It was not probable that Lilian could have wandered in one day much farther than the place at which I then was; it was scarcely to be conceived that she could baffle my pursuit and the practiced skill of the police. I rested but a few hours at a small public-house, and was on horseback again at dawn. A little after sunrise I again heard of the wanderer. At a lonely cottage, by a brick-kiln, in the midst of a wide common, she had stopped the previous evening, and asked for a draught of milk. The woman who gave it to her inquired if she had lost her way? She said "No," and only tarrying a few minutes, had gone across the common; and the woman supposed she was a visitor at a gentleman's house which was at the further end of the waste, for the path she took led to no town, no village. It occurred to me then that Lilian avoided all high-roads, all places, even the humblest, where men congregated together. But where could she have passed the night? Not to fatigue the reader with the fruitless result of frequent inquiries, I will but say that at the end of the second day I had succeeded in ascertaining that I was still on her track; and though I had ridden to and fro nearly double the distance—coming back again to places I had left behind—it was at the distance of forty miles from L—— that I last heard of her that second day. She had been seen sitting alone by a little brook only an hour before. I was led to the very spot by a woodman—it was at the hour of twilight when he beheld her—she was leaning her face on her hand, and seemed weary. He spoke to her; she did not answer, but rose, and resumed her way along the banks of the streamlet. That night I put up at no inn; I followed the course of the brook for miles, then struck into every path that I could conceive her to have taken—in vain. Thus I consumed the night on foot, tying my horse to a tree, for it was tired out, and returning to it at sunrise. At noon the third day I again heard of her, and in a remote savage part of the country. The features of the landscape were changed; there was little foliage and little culture, but the ground was broken into mounds and hollows, and covered with patches of heath and stunted brushwood. She had been seen by a shepherd, and he made the same observation as the first who had guided me on her track, she looked to him "like some one walking in her sleep." An hour or two later, in a dell, among the furze-bushes, I chanced on a knot of ribbon. I recognized the color Lilian habitually wore; I felt certain that the ribbon was hers. Calculating the utmost speed I could ascribe to her, she could not be far off, yet still I failed to discover. The scene now was as solitary as a desert; I met no one on my way. At length, a little after sunset, I found myself in view of the sea. A small town nestled below the cliffs, on which I was guiding my weary horse. I entered the town, and while my horse was baiting went in search of the resident policeman. The information I had directed to be sent round the country had reached him; he had acted on it, but without result. I was surprised to hear him address me by name, and looking at him more narrowly I recognized him for the policeman Waby. This young man had always expressed so grateful a sense of my attendance on his sister, and had, indeed, so notably evinced his gratitude in prosecuting with Margrave the inquiries that terminated in the discovery of Sir Philip Derval's murderer, that I at once confided to him the nature and object of my search. His face immediately became thoughtful. He paused a minute or two, and then said:

"I think I have it, but I do not like to say; I may pain you, Sir."

"Not by confidence; you pain me by concealment."

The man hesitated still; I encouraged him, and then he spoke out frankly.

"Sir, did you never think it strange that Mr. Margrave should move from his handsome rooms in the hotel to a somewhat uncomfortable lodging, from the window of which he could look down on Mrs. Ashleigh's garden? I have seen him at night in the balcony of that window, and when I noticed him going so frequently into Mrs. Ashleigh's house during your unjust detention, I own, Sir, I felt for you—"

"Nonsense; Mr. Margrave went to Mrs. Ashleigh's house as my friend. He has left L—— weeks ago. What has all this to do with—"

"Patience, Sir; hear me out. I was sent from L—— to this station (on promotion, Sir) a fortnight since last Friday—for there has been a good deal of crime hereabout; it is a bad neighborhood, and full of smugglers—some days ago, in watching quietly near a lonely house, of which the owner is a suspicious character, down in my books, I saw, to my amazement, Mr. Margrave come out of that house—come out of a private door in it, which belongs to a part of the building not inhabited by the owner, but which used formerly, when the house was a sort of inn, to be let to night lodgers of the humblest description. I followed him; he went down to the seashore, walked about, singing to himself, then returned to the house, and re-entered by the same door. I soon learned that he lodged in the house, had lodged there for several days. The next morning a fine yacht arrived at a tolerably convenient creek about a mile from the house, and there anchored. Sailors came ashore, rambling down to this town. The yacht belonged to Mr. Margrave, he had purchased it by commission in London. It is stored for a long voyage. He had directed it to come for him to this out-of-the-way place, where no gentleman's yacht ever put in before, though the creek, or bay, is handy enough for such craft. Well, Sir, is it not strange that a rich young gentleman should come to this unfrequented sea-shore, put up with accommodation that must be of the rudest kind, in the house of a man known as a desperate smuggler, suspected to be worse? Order a yacht to meet him here—is not all this strange? But would it be strange if he were waiting for a young lady? And if a young lady has fled at night from her home, and has come secretly along by-paths, which must have been very fully explained to her beforehand, and is now near that young gentleman's lodging, if not actually in it—if this be so, why, the affair is not so very strange after all. And now do you forgive me, Sir?"

"Where is this house? Lead me to it."

"You can hardly get to it except on foot; rough walking, Sir, and about seven miles off by the shortest cut."

"Come, and at once; come, quickly. We must be there before—before—"

"Before the young lady can get to the place. Well, from what you say of the spot in which she was last seen, I think, on reflection, we may easily do that. I am at your service, Sir. But I should warn you that the owners of the house, man and wife, are both of villainous character—would do any thing for money. Mr. Margrave, no doubt, has money enough, and if the young lady chooses to go away with Mr. Margrave, you know, I have no power to help it."

"Leave all that to me; all I ask of you is to show me the house."

We were soon out of the town; the night had closed in; it was very dark in spite of a few stars; the path was rugged and precipitous, sometimes skirting the very brink of perilous cliffs; sometimes delving down to the sea-shore—there stopped by rock or wave—and painfully rewinding up the ascent.

"It is an ugly path, Sir, but it saves four miles; and any how the road is a bad one."

We came, at last, to a few wretched fishermen's huts. The moon had now risen, and revealed the squalor of poverty-stricken ruinous hovels; a couple of boats moored to the shore; a moaning, fretful sea; and, at a distance, a vessel, with lights on board, lying perfectly still at anchor in a sheltered curve of the bold rude shore. The policeman pointed to the vessel:

"The yacht, Sir; the wind will be in its favor if it sails to-night."

We quickened our pace as well as the nature of the path would permit, left the huts behind us, and, about a mile farther on, came to a solitary house, larger than from the policeman's description of Margrave's lodgment I should have presupposed: a house that in the wilder parts of Scotland might be almost a laird's; but even in the moonlight it looked very dilapidated and desolate. Most of the windows were closed, some with panes broken, stuffed with wisps of straw; there were the remains of a wall round the house: it was broken in some parts (only its foundation left). On approaching the house I observed two doors, one on the side fronting the sea, one on the other side facing a patch of broken ground that might once have been a garden, and lay waste within the inclosure of the ruined wall, encumbered with various litter—heaps of rubbish, a ruined shed, the carcass of a worn-out boat. This latter door stood wide open—the other was closed. The house was still and dark, as if either deserted or all within it retired to rest.

"I think that open door leads at once to the rooms Mr. Margrave hires; he can go in and out without disturbing the other inmates. They used to keep on the side which they inhabit a beer-house, but the magistrates shut it up; still it is a resort for bad characters. Now, Sir, what shall we do?"

"Watch separately. You wait within the inclosure of the wall, hid by those heaps of rubbish, near the door; none can enter but what will observe them. If you see her, you will accost and stop her, and call aloud for me; I shall be in hearing. I will go back to the high part of the ground yonder, it seems to me that she must pass that way; and I would desire, if possible, to save her from the humiliation, the—the shame of coming within the precincts of that man's abode. I feel I may trust you now and hereafter. It is a great thing for the happiness and honor of this poor young lady and her mother, that I may be able to declare that I did not take her from that man, from any man—from that house, from any house. You comprehend me, and will obey? I speak to you as a confidant—a friend."

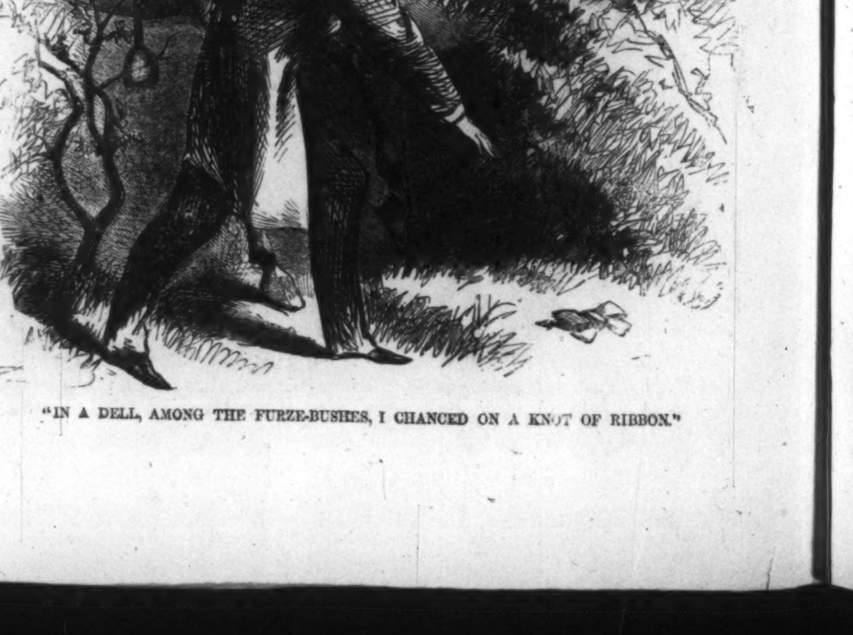
"I thank you with my whole heart, Sir, for so doing. You saved my sister's life, and the least I can do is to keep secret all that would pain your life if blabbed abroad. I know what mischief folks' tongues can make. I will wait by the door, never fear, and will rather lose my place than not strain all the legal power I possess to keep the young lady back from sorrow."

This dialogue was interchanged in close hurried whisper behind the broken wall, and out of all hearing. Waby now crept through a wide gap into the inclosure, and nestled himself silently amidst the wreck of the broken boat, not six feet from the open door, and close to the wall of the house itself. I went back some thirty yards up the road, to the rising ground which I had pointed out to him. According to the best calculation I could make—considering the pace at which I had cleared the precipitous pathway, and reckoning from the place and time at which Lilian had been last seen, she could not possibly have yet entered that house—I might presume it would be more than half an hour before she could arrive; I was in hopes that, during the interval, Margrave might show himself, perhaps at the door, or from the windows, or I might even by some light from the latter be guided to the room in which to find him. If, after waiting a reasonable time, Lilian should fail to appear, I had formed my own plan of action; but it was important for the success of that plan that I should not lose myself in the strange house, nor bring its owners to Margrave's aid—that I should surprise him alone and unawares. Half an hour, three quarters, a whole hour thus passed—no sign of my poor wanderer; but signs there were of the enemy, from whom I resolved, at whatever risk, to free and to save her. A window on the ground-floor to the left of the door, which had long fixed my attention because I had seen light through the chinks of the shutters, slowly unclosed, the shutters fell back, the casement opened, and I beheld Margrave distinctly; he held something in his hand that gleamed in the moonlight, directed not toward where I stood nor the path I had taken, but toward an open space beyond the ruined wall, to the right. Hid by a cluster of stinted shrubs, I watched him with a heart that beat with rage, not with terror. He seemed so intent in his own gaze as to be inattentive or unconscious of all else. I stole round from my post, and still, under cover sometimes of the broken wall, sometimes of the shaggy ridges that skirted the path, crept on, on till I reached the side of the house itself; then, there secure from his eyes, should he turn them, I stepped over the ruined wall, scarcely two feet high in that place, on—on toward the door. I passed the spot on which the policeman had shrouded himself: he was seated, his back against the ribs of the broken boat. I put my hand to his mouth that he might not cry out in surprise, and whispered in his ear; he stirred not. I shook him by the arm; still he stirred not. A ray of the moon fell on his face. I saw that he was in a profound slumber. Persuaded that it was no natural sleep, and that he had become useless to me, I passed him by. I was at the threshold of the open door; the light from the window close by falling on the ground; I was in the passage; a glimmer came through the chinks of a door to the left; I turned the handle noiselessly, and the next moment Margrave was locked in my grasp.

"Call out," I hissed into his ear, "and I strangle you before any one can come to your help!"

He did not call out; his eye, fixed on mine as he writhed round, saw, perhaps, his peril if he did. His countenance betrayed fear, but as I tightened my grasp that expression gave way to one of wrath and fierceness; and as, in turn, I felt the gripe of his hand, I knew that the struggle between us would be that of two strong men, each equally bent on the mastery of the other.

I was, as I have said before, endowed with an unusual degree of physical power, disciplined, in early youth, by athletic exercise and contest. In height and in muscle I had greatly the advantage over my antagonist, but such was the nervous vigor, the elastic energy of his incomparable frame, in which sinews seemed springs of steel, that had our encounter been one in which my strength was less heightened by rage, I believe that I could no more have coped with him than the bison can cope with the boa; but I was animated by that passion which trebles for a time all our forces—which makes even the weak man a match for the strong. I felt that if I were worsted, disabled, stricken down, Lilian might be lost in losing her sole protector; and, on the other hand, Margrave had been taken at the disadvantage of that surprise which will half unnerve the fiercest of the wild beasts; while as we grappled, reeling and rocked to and fro in our struggle, I soon observed that his attention was distracted—that his eye was turned toward an object which he had dropped involuntarily when I first seized him. He sought to drag me toward that object, and when near it, stooped to seize. It was a bright, slender, short wand of steel. I



"IN A DELL, AMONG THE FURZE-BUSHES, I CHANCED ON A KNOT OF RIBBON."

remembered when and where I had seen it, whether in my waking state or in vision, and as his hand stole down to take it from the floor I set on the wand my strong foot. I can not tell by what rapid process of thought and association I came to the belief that the possession of a little piece of blunted steel would decide the conflict in favor of the possessor, but the struggle now was concentred in the attainment of that seemingly idle weapon. I was becoming breathless and exhausted, while Margrave seemed every moment to gather up new force, when, collecting all my strength for one final effort, I lifted him suddenly high in the air, and hurled him to the farthest end of the cramped arena to which our contest was confined. He fell, and with a force by which most men would have been stunned; but he recovered himself with a quick rebound, and, as he stood facing me, there was something grand as well as terrible in his aspect. His eyes literally flamed, as those of a tiger's; his rich hair, flung back from his knitted forehead, seemed to erect itself as an angry mane; his lips, slightly parted, showed the glitter of his set teeth; his whole frame seemed larger in the tension of the muscles, and as gradually relaxing his first defying and haughty attitude, he crouched as the panther crouches for its deadly spring, I felt as if it were a wild beast whose rush was coming upon me—wild beast, but still Man, the king of the animals, fashioned forth from no mixture of humbler races by the slow revolutions of time, but his royalty stamped on his form when the earth became fit for his coming.*

At that moment I snatched up the wand, directed it toward him, and, advancing with a fearless stride, cried,

"Down to my feet, miserable sorcerer!"

To my own amaze, the effect was instantaneous. My terrible antagonist dropped to the floor as a dog drops at the word of his master. The muscles of his frowning countenance relaxed, the glare of his wrathful eyes grew dull and rayless; his limbs lay prostrate and unnerved, his head resting against the wall, his arms limp and drooping by his side. I approached him slowly and cautiously; he seemed cast into a profound slumber.

"You are at my mercy now!" said I.

He moved his head as a sign of deprecating submission.

"You hear and understand me? Speak!"

His lips faintly muttered "Yes."

"I command you to answer truly the questions I shall address to you."

"I must, while yet sensible of the power that has passed to your hand."

"Is it by some occult magnetic property in this wand that you have exercised so demoniac an influence over a creature so pure as Lilian Ashleigh?"

"By that wand and by other arts which you could not comprehend."

"And for what infamous object?—her seduction, her dishonor?"

"No! I sought in her the aid of a gift which would cease did she cease to be pure. At first I but cast my influence upon her that through her I might influence yourself. I needed your help to discover a secret. Circumstances steeled your mind against me. I could no longer hope that you would voluntarily lend yourself to my will. Meanwhile, I had found in her the light of a loftier knowledge than that of your science; through that knowledge, duly heeded and cultivated, I hoped to divine what I can not of myself discover. Therefore I deepened over her mind the spells I command—therefore I have drawn her hither as the loadstone draws the steel, and therefore I would have borne her with me to the shores to which I was about this night to sail. *I* had cast the inmates of the house, and all around it, into slumber that none might witness her departure; had I not done so, I should have summoned others to my aid, in spite of your threat."

"And would Lilian Ashleigh have passively accompanied you, to her own irretrievable disgrace?"

"She could not have helped it; she would have been unconscious of her acts; she was, and is, in a trance; nor, had she gone with me, would she have waked from that state while she lived; that would not have been long."

"Wretch! and for what object of unhallowed curiosity do you exert an influence which condemns its victim to the grave?"

"Not curiosity, but the instinct of self-preservation. I count on no life beyond the grave. I would defy the grave, and live on."

"And was it to learn, through some ghostly agencies, the secret of renewing existence that you lured me by the shadow of your own image on the night when we met last?"

The voice of Margrave here became very faint as he answered me, and his countenance began to exhibit the signs of an exhaustion almost mortal.

"Be quick," he murmured, "or I die. The fluid which emanates from that wand in the hand of one who envenoms the fluid with his own hatred and rage will prove fatal to my life. Lower the wand from my forehead; low—low—lower still!"

"What was the nature of that rite in which you constrained me to share?"

"I can not say. You are killing me. Enough that you were saved from a great danger by the apparition of the protecting image vouchsafed to your eye, otherwise you would—you would—Oh, release me! Away! away!"

The foam gathered to his lips; his limbs became fearfully convulsed.

"One question more: Where is Lilian at this moment? Answer that question, and I depart."

He raised his head, made a visible effort to rally his strength, and gasped out,

"Yonder. Pass through the open space up the cliff beside a thorn-tree—you will find her there, where she halted when the wand dropped from my hand. But—but—beware! Ha! you will serve me yet, and through her! They said so that night, though you heard them not. THEY said it!" Here his face became death-like; he pressed his hand on his heart, and shrieked out, "Away—away! or you are my murderer!"

I retired to the other end of the room, turning the wand from him, and when I gained the door, looked back; his convulsions had ceased, but he seemed locked in a profound swoon. I left the room—the house—paused by Waby; he was still sleeping. "Awake!" I said, and touched him with the wand. He started up at once, rubbed his eyes, began stammering out excuses. I checked them, and bade him follow me. I took the way up the open ground toward which Margrave had pointed the wand, and there, motionless, beside a gnarled fantastic thorn-tree, stood Lilian. Her arms were folded across her breast; her face, seen by the moonlight, looked so innocent and so infantine that I needed no other evidence to tell me how unconscious she was of the peril to which her steps had been drawn. I took her gently by the hand. "Come with me," I said, in a whisper; and she obeyed me silently, and with a placid smile.

Rough though the way, she seemed unconscious of fatigue. I placed her arm in mine, but she did not lean on it. We got back to the town. I obtained there an old chaise and a pair of horses. At morning Lilian was under her mother's roof. About the noon of that day fever seized her, she became rapidly worse, and, to all appearance, in imminent danger. Delirium set in; I watched beside her night and day, supported by an inward conviction of her recovery, but tortured by the sight of her sufferings. On the third day a change for the better became visible, her sleep was calm, her breathing regular.

Shortly afterward she woke, out of danger. Her eyes fell at once on me, with all their old ineffable tender sweetness.

"Oh, Allen, beloved, have I not been very ill? But I am almost well now. Do not weep; I shall live for you—for your sake." And she bent forward, drawing my hand from my streaming eyes, and kissing me with a child's guileless kiss on my burning forehead.

* "And yet, even if we entirely omit the consideration of the soul, that immaterial and immortal principle which is for a time united to his body, and view him only in his merely animal character, man is still the most excellent of animals."—Dr. Kidd on the Adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man (Sect. iii. page 18).

---

**IMPORTANT FACTS.**—Constant writing for six months is done cheaper with Gold Pens than with Steel Pens; therefore, it is economy to use Gold Pens.

The Gold Pen remains unchanged by years of continued use, while the Steel Pen is ever changing by corrosion and wear; therefore, perfect uniformity of writing is obtained only by the use of the Gold Pen.

The Gold Pen is always ready and reliable, while the Steel Pen must be often condemned and a new one selected; therefore, there is great saving of time in the use of the Gold Pen.

Gold is capable of receiving any degree of elasticity, so that the Gold Pen is exactly adapted to the hand of the writer; therefore, the nerves of the hand and arm are not injured, as is known to be the case by the use of Steel Pens.

See "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in the next column.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### Printing Offices for the People.

Prices.

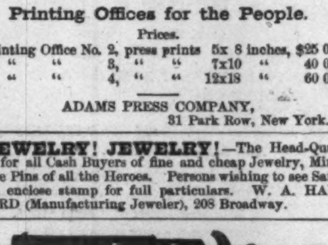
| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Printing Office No. | 2, | press prints | 5x 8 | inches, | $25 00 |
| " " | 3, | " " | 7x10 | " | 40 00 |
| " " | 4, | " " | 12x18 | " | 60 00 |

ADAMS PRESS COMPANY,
31 Park Row, New York.

---

**JEWELRY! JEWELRY!**—The Head-Quarters for all Cash Buyers of fine and cheap Jewelry, Miniature Pins of all the Heroes. Persons wishing to see Samples, enclose stamp for full particulars. W. A. HAYWARD (Manufacturing Jeweler), 208 Broadway.

---



### A New Cartridge Revolver,

Carrying Six Balls (80 to the pound). Any one wanting a superior Pocket or Belt Arm will find this to be the best in the market. Send for circular.

MERWIN & BRAY, Agents, 245 Broadway, N. Y.,
Or MERWIN & CO., 354 Pennsylvania Avenue, UP STAIRS, Washington, D. C.

---

### "Something New for All."

GEN. GEO. B. M'CLELLAN and our New Union Prize Gift Packages are to be wondered at. Seventy-five cents worth of indispensable articles for 25 cents. Agents are making from $5 to $10 per day. Agents wanted, male and female, everywhere. Address, with stamp for circular, RICKARDS & CO, 102 Nassau Street, New York.

---

**IMPORTANT INFORMATION** to all women afflicted with female weakness, or uterine disease, or irregularities, will be received by inclosing a postage stamp to JOSHUA F. BRIDGE, M.D., Resident Physician Græfenberg Company, No. 2 Bond Street, N. Y.

---

### The best Books for Holiday Presents!!

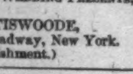
Beautifully bound ENGLISH BIBLES, AMERICAN EPISCOPAL PRAYER BOOKS, CHURCH SERVICES, &c., &c., in endless variety, and suited to all tastes and purposes.

SUPERB IMPERIAL 4TO BIBLES FOR WEDDING PRESENTS, at prices from $15 TO $50.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE,
696 Broadway, New York.
(☞ Branch of the London Establishment.)

---

**ARTIFICIAL LEGS and ARMS.**—(SELPHO'S Patent), 516 Broadway, New York.
Send for a Circular.



---

## "The PEN is Mightier than the Sword."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS.

### The Best Pens in the World.

☞ On receipt of any of the following sums in cash or post-stamps, the subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens, *selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.

The sizes are, Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen. These are well-finished, good writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality" are stamped on the following Pens, and the Points are warranted for six months, except against accident. The numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk. Long and medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality. The engravings are fac similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For 75 cents, a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality, or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality, or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality, or a No. 4 pen 3d quality.

For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality, or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality, or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality, or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality, or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality, or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $2 25 a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50, a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality, or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 75 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality, or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality, or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2, a No. 3 Pen 1st quality, or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality, or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality, or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality, or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $3, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality, or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $3 50 a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL 1st QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK-HOLDERS.

For $2, a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25, a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75, a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50, a No. 7 Pen.

For $4, a No. 8 Pen; for $5, a No. 9 Pen; and for $6, a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Irodosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity, and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

*Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "number" and "quality" of the Pens or Pens and Cases wanted.*

☞ For sale by all dealers in the line throughout the country.

Address A. MORTON,
No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York.

Any one sending a single letter post-stamp will receive a circular with the engravings above referred to.

---

Boston Office, 292 Washington Street.
Philadelphia Office, 922 Chestnut Street.

---

### Grand Display of Cloaks! Cloaks! For the Holidays,

at

### BRODIE'S OLD STAND, 300 Canal Street,

and

### His Palace of Fashion,

Under the 5th Avenue Hotel,
Cor. of 23d Street,
New York.

---

"MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 42 DAYS."—Do not buy "Onguents" at $1 a box, but send **20c.** (coin), and receive a BOOK, containing this GREAT SECRET, and many others, never before published. 4th edition. Mailed free on receipt of 2 dimes. C. E. HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

---

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

---

**The Current and Back Numbers of Harper's Weekly** can be had of J. P. HUNT, Wholsale and Retail News Agent, Masonic Hall, Fifth St., Pittsburg, Pa.

---

### The Wide World!

A racy and spirited complete Story Paper! Printed every week in Boston. Sold by News Dealers everywhere. 4 cents.

---

### Something New for Ladies.

DOWNER'S PATENT HEMMER AND SHIELD saves one-half the labor of hand-sewing, as it protects the finger from the needle, and makes a neat hem while the operator is sewing. Sample sent on receipt of the price, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. A liberal discount to the trade.

Enterprizing Agents can realize

### $150 per Month.

Descriptive Circulars furnished on application.
A. H. DOWNER, No. 442 Broadway, New York.

---

**"Matrimony made Easy."**—A new work, showing how either sex may be suitably married, irrespective of age or position, prepossessing or otherwise, with a treatise on the Art of Fascinating any person you wish. A curious scientific experiment which never fails. Free for 25 cents. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Box 2300, Philadelphia.

---

A sure cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Salt Rheum. Wholesale Agents F. C. WELLS & CO., 115 Franklin St., New York. Sold by Apothecaries everywhere.

---

PATENT ARTICLE JUST OUT.—LOCAL or TRAVELING AGENTS wanted in every town in the loyal States; it is no humbug; males and females wanted. Samples sent on receipt of 30 cents in stamps; also Circular of all the articles we manufacture, with prices to agents, &c. A. RICHARDS & Co., New London, Conn.

---

AT GIMBREDE'S Stationery Depot and Card Engraving Establishment, 588 Broadway, a Box of Note Paper and Envelopes, sixteen varieties, stamped with your Initials, forwarded free of charge on receipt of *Three Dollars*. 12 varieties, $2 00.

---

A HANDSOME HOLIDAY PRESENT—One of Gimbrede's Artistic Monograms and package of note paper (colored initials) sent free on receipt of $8 50. 588 Broadway.

---

GIMBREDE, LEADER OR FASHION in the Wedding Card Department of New York City, offers a style of work, at reduced prices, which will, by comparison, surpass the general style furnished by booksellers and jewellers. The price of our best and most highly finished work will remain the same. Samples of both qualities on inspection at 588 Broadway.

---

### 500 Agents Wanted!

*Something New!* Patent Work Holder, made of *The New Gold*, and 5 other curious inventions. Address (send stamp) SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

---

**The New Issue of Postage Stamps,** of all denominations, for sale. Apply to
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

---

### FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, and all other places, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

---

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS wanted. Large commission, honorable business. Circular sent. A. W. Harrison, Phila.

---

**$ WANTED.**—Energetic AGENTS for our 6 newly patented Articles, *wanted in every family*. Circulars sent *free*. Satisfaction gauranteed. For terms send stamp. RICE & CO., N. Y.

---

**COOLEY'S** Cabinet Printing Office for small Printers and Amateurs, the best thing out. Send for Circulars.
J. G. COOLEY & CO., 1 Spruce Street, N. Y.

---

### Dickens' Christmas Stories.

### Tom Tiddler's Ground.

From "All the Year Round."

*Printed from Author's Advance Sheets.*

8vo, Paper, Price 25 cents.

☞ CARLETON, Publisher (late Rudd & Carleton), NEW YORK.

*.* Sent, *post free*, on receipt of price, 25 cents.

---

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—A Clergyman having cured his son of Consumption in its worst stages, after being given up to die by the most celebrated physicians, desires to make known the mode of cure, which proves successful in every case to those afflicted with Coughs, Colds, and Consumption, and he will send the same to any address free of charge. Address
DANIEL ADEE, 378 Pearl Street, New York.

---

## HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS.

| | |
|---|---|
| One Copy for one Year . . . . . . . . | $3 00 |
| Two Copies for One Year . . . . . . . | 5 00 |
| Three or more Copies for One Year (each) . | 2 00 |

*And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of* EIGHT SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $4 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

---

## HARPER'S WEEKLY.

### Single Copies Six Cents.

Notwithstanding the great amount of space devoted to Illustrations of the War, *Harper's Weekly* commenced in No. 241, dated August 10th, A NEW AND THRILLING SERIAL TALE, by SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, entitled,

### "A STRANGE STORY,"

which will be continued from week to week till completed.

TERMS.

| | |
|---|---|
| One Copy for One Year . . . . . | $2 50 |
| Two Copies for One Year . . . . . | 4 00 |

*Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's Magazine*, one year, $4 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.